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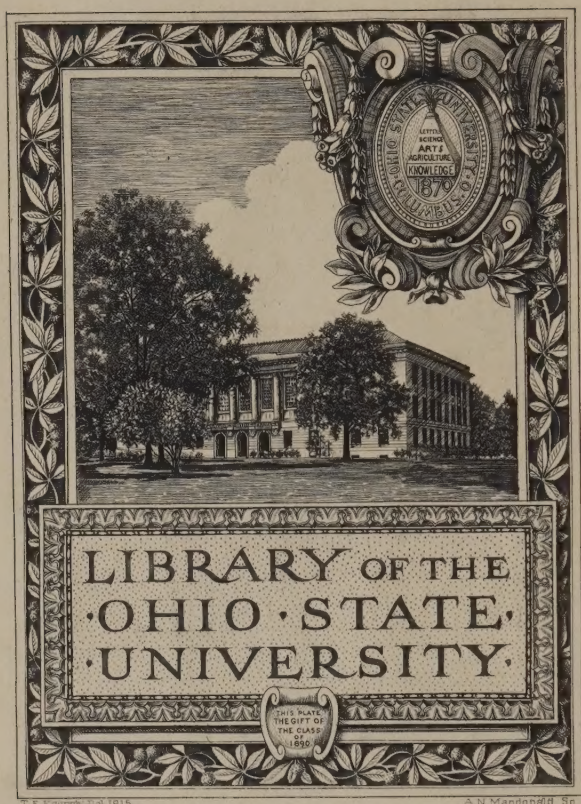

T.E. Tibbles Del 1915. A.N. Macdonald Sc

THE

COMIC

WANDERING JEW.

BY

CHARLES PHILIPON AND LOUIS HUART.

WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

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OHIO STATE
UNIVERSITY

THE

COMIC

WANDERING JEW.

PART I.

'ROLOGUE, PREFACE, OR WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE TO CALL IT.*

SEPTEMBER finishes, and the story begins.

Attention! Night takes the place of day. The violet sky is lighted by a pale sun; we are surrounded by rocks that are blackish, and mountains that are bluish, and clouds that are greyish, and at our feet roll waves that look somewhat *brimstonish*—all which is a little *queerish!*

Where the devil are we? Don't you know the place? That comes, perhaps, of never having been there before!

We are at the end of the world, dear-reader. The author has taken us there at the beginning of his book; where will he take us to at the end?

Go on, reader! go on! go on!

We are at Behring's Straits; and, though they are close *shut*, it is most intolerably cold. The poor sparrows are chilly as frogs, and would be glad of a flannel-waistcoat. The trees themselves are completely nip-fingered, the stones split like *bricks* (which is a sign of chapping and chilblains,) and the man who chose to pass the winter in such a country, would be even worse off than the stones.

And yet—strange sight!—an amateur of *ice* must have come hither to take his *lounge*.

And a woman must have passed by yonder!

The gentleman wears great nails in his shoes; the lady has a cloak and clogs. They are evidently decent people.

Suddenly, it is night!

The man, upon his knees, stretches out his arms towards America, to-

* The author has assigned to Mr. Collemann of Cracow, the exclusive right of publishing, in foreign countries, an edition of this work, *translated into French.*

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wards the good lady in clogs, with an expression of immeasurable despair. On her side, the lady extends her arms towards the gentleman, with a no less overpowering expression. But these four arms cannot meet, because of a fifth arm which separates them—and that is *an arm of the sea*, some hundred leagues in length!

Seeing that it is decidedly impossible to talk over their little matters, these two unfortunate creatures are in a great *fix*. They have, no doubt, come a good way to this well-chosen place of meeting, where there is no body at all to disturb them—nothing but two or three crows, who are very far from being *magpies*.

To the gestures of despair, made by the gentleman with the big nails in his shoes, the lady answers by pointing to the moon—which, just then, is shining in opposition to an aurora borealis.

What does it all mean?
Go on reader! go on!

MOROK.

October finishes—and the story begins again.

Once more—attention!

Night is again coming on, and a lamp with four burners replaces the pale sun of Siberia. We are no longer in the country of wolves and white bears, but we have not yet done with those quadrupeds. We are in a menagerie—the menagerie of Mr. Morok.

Morok is a religious speculator, and a tamer of brute beasts *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Like Van Amburg, he has a potion to quiet the most ferocious animals, secret methods of teaching them manners, and gentle instruments of correction. The potion, which is not further described in the story, is known to be a decoction of water-lilies—the secred methods consist of coats of mail, cuirasses, and other waistcoats of the same flannel—the instruments of correction are simply rods of the most unquestionable red-hot iron.

Morok, this respectable old gentleman, is in reality an old rascal, who has the impudence to sell chaplets—and pretty stories for the use of children, both great and small.

His den is the garret of a public-house, and in it are scattered, here and there, daggers, chains, masks, halberds, and a false collar.

Morok is, as you will see by Mr. Cham's sketch, adorned with a fine, flowing, light coloured beard; his complexion is fair, his locks are yellow

cages there are great, big beasts—and on these great, big beasts there are probably certain little animals that keep plaguing them; for they roar like so many devils, and Morok himself might meet with a very bad reception were he to set about the education of his pupils just at this moment

Suddenly the noise redoubles, and these scholars of Morok make as much uproar as twenty pupils of the Conservatory trying to sing *C* in the *bass*.

"Judas! be kind enough to hold your jaw!" says Morok.

"Br-o-o-o-ough!" (a second roar, more terrible than the first.)

"Cain! cries Morok, turning towards the trap-door; "only let me get hold of you!"

"Br-o-o-o-o-o-ough!" (a third roar, more terrible than the second.)

"Death! you are really the most annoying beasts. I am coming!——" Just then, another gentleman enters by the trap-door. Morok, delighted to see him in good health, talks to him on all sorts of subjects, of which you will not understand a word. We shall not repeat the conversation, and you will find the omission much clearer, and more amusing.

But what does it all mean?

Go on! go on!

THE TRAVELLERS.

Whilst the above interesting scenes were passing at the inn of the village of Mockern, three persons, impatiently expected by the mountebank Morok, were advancing with the calmness of innocence, all along by the side of a river that turned a mill. The water and the mill-wheel, the willows

that grow on the bank, the gold and azure of the waves, the gold and azure of the sky, the serenity of the blue above, and the serenity of the blue below—all give to this little picture an air of the serenest *milk and water*.

Two young girls, just in their *teens*, ride along together on a large pack-saddle, formed by the bony protuberances of their courser's back. An old soldier of the Old Guard leads the horse by the bridle. A dog, who evidently belongs to the same Polar race, already so well known to us, follows at his master's heels.

The two little girls are twins, and as like one another as two airs by Donizetti. One is called *Rose*, the other *Blanche;* if there had been a third, she would have been christened *Blue*, just to complete the tri-colour. However, it was ordained otherwise, and we must submit to the will of the author of all these pretty things. The *pair of colours*, then, had lips as red as carnations, and eyes as blue as periwinkles, and foreheads as white as lilies, and noses that resembled roses. In a word, they were absolutely charming.

Not only they adored each other, but, by a phenomenon at once psychological, magnetical, and fantastical, they shared every thought, every feeling between them. They were as much *one* as a pair of spectacles.

The gruff old fellow was called Dagobert, the horse Jovial, and the dog Rabat-Joie. These three last lived together on terms of perfect intimacy, and played off jokes on each other, as became their long friendship and great conformity of character. Jovial, naturally a wag, loved to justify his name by frequent bursts of laughter, in which he displayed a set of teeth that would have made the fortune of a dentist. Often, in his freaks of good-humor, he would take up Rabat-Joie by the nape of the neck, and the dog would take up his master by the knapsack, and so our three friends amused each other, and managed to beguile the weariness of the way.

You see, by this, that a horse is naturally a more facetious animal than has hitherto been supposed.

Suddenly, the soldier, the horse, and the dog, all stop together, and burst into tears. They have just recognised the spot where, eighteen years before, was fought the battle of Leipsic. "Fatal remembrance! it was there that I laid down your respectable papa," says the soldier; "he had thirty

six sabre-cuts on his head, and as many on his *bread-basket*. I was no better off, and so we were both taken prisoners—but we will talk of that another time."

At the remembrance of their papa and mamma, the poor little pair of colours began to cry also—but Dagobert consoled them with this fallacious reasoning: "If you cry, you will grieve mamma; but it is only naughty children that grieve their mammas: therefore you must be gay, like good little girls, and mamma will be pleased with you."

"By the by! have you got your medal?"—"To be sure!" said one of the twins; "you know it is sacred."—And she drew from beneath her pretty little stays an ugly little medal made of lead, with these inscriptions on its two faces:

VICTIM OF THE COMPLAINT OF THE WANDERING JEW. *Pray for me,* *if you please.*	PARIS, No. 121, RUE MONTMARTRE.* I HAVE SUBSCRIBED FOR A WHOLE YEAR. *Pay for me,* *if you please.*

"What does it all mean?" once more inquires the reader.

"Go on! go on! go on!" answers the author.

THE ARRIVAL.

Notwithstanding his ferocious appearance, Morok was by no means deficient in intelligence—I would venture to say, that he had a great deal, if it were not *too* incompatible with a *ferocious appearance*.

"Long before his conversion, *as may well be supposed*," adds the author, "Morok had been familiar with the habits of wild beasts." The *Constitutionnel*, no doubt, considers this precaution indispensable, before entering the religious house of the Jesuits at Friburg.

However this may be, Morok waited impatiently for the travellers.

The night was come—as in the Prologue, and in the first chapter.

Suddenly, he listened. This man's ears were as sharp as needles.

The night was come (*for the third time.*)

"Goliah!"

"Master!" answers a wooden voice.

"Come here!"

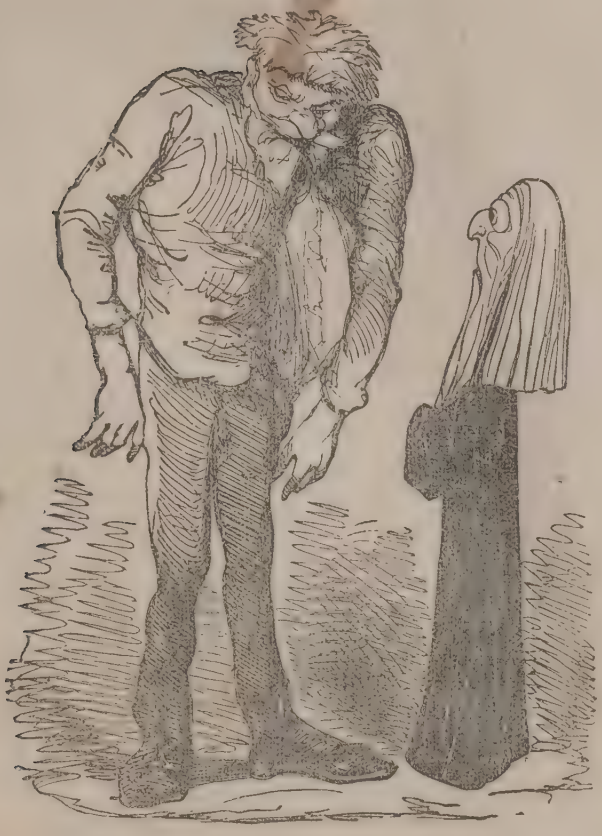
"Well! here I am—bringing up the meat."

And a very fine fellow makes his appearance through the trap-door. He is more than six feet high, has an enormous head, a low, slanting brow, an air of bestial ferocity, and is appropriately named Goliah. He is moreover a mountebank, an eater of raw meat, and a giant at fairs.

"Where's the cleaver?" says he, letting a huge piece of raw flesh drop from between his teeth. "Where's the cleaver?"

"That's nothing to you," answers Morok.

* The office of the *Constitutionnel*



"I'm as hungry as Old Nick, and so are my beasts."

"That's nothing to you!"

"But the beasts will starve, and so shall I."

"That's nothing to you—d'ye hear?—Light the fire. What's the old man doing?"

"Master, he's a washing the stockings of the two little girls."

"Where?"

"Under the porch."

"Very good!"

"Yes—but I'am devilish hungry."

"Light your fire—roast an iron bar—and go and see if I'm at the burgomaster's!"

Goliah executes these orders, lights an immense fire in the stove, claps an iron bar into the midst of it, to be fried at leisure—and then takes a walk, to get a little more appetite.

"But what in the world does it all mean?" asks the reader.

"Go on! go on!" answers the author, as before.

It was, however, literally true. The old man was washing with imperturbable gravity.

When we reflect upon military customs, we shall not be astonished at this fact. A soldier has a natural liking for nursery-maids and pretty washer

women. Dagobert had particularly cultivated these interesting tastes, and so had become a proficient in the art of getting-up linen.

But here is the opportunity (now or never) for relating a little anecdote, as to how Dagobert gained his facetious nickname.

They had fought all day, like heroes, which did not prevent the night coming on. You will remark, that the night comes on regularly in every chapter, which gives a pleasant kind of local coloring to the narrative.

The night, then, was come!

Francis Baudoin, horse-grenadier of the Imperial Guard, had received an awkward scratch—vulgarly called a sabre-cut—on his thigh. The consequences had been very serious to—his buckskin breeches.

The grenadier thought the moment favorable to repair what was reparable in the outrage. In other words, he pulled off his boots and *inexpressibles*, and began to sew with all his might—for he had once been acquainted with a country-girl, who had taught him the art of stitching.

Suddenly—we are very fond of the word *suddenly*—a discharge of musketry is heard, with the cry: "To horse!"

The old man catches his horse, and seizes his arms, and his breeches. But, in his very excusable haste, he slips them on wrong side out, forgets his boots, and fights like a hero.

After the skirmish, in which the grenadier distinguishes himself by his courage and his nether garment, the captain feels particularly anxious to embrace him at the head of the column.

Judge of his surprise, when he saw this fine fellow advance on horseback, without boots, and with his breeches wrong side out!

"The devil!" cries the officer; "thou art like King Dagobert in the song!"*

* Le bon roi Dagobert
Mettait sa culotte à l'envers!

As the captain thought proper to joke, the soldiers felt themselves obliged to admire his wit, and the whole squadron began to laugh so loud, that the Prussians stood to their arms.

From that memorable day, our grenadier continued to wear his breeches, with the surname of Dagobert.

Now Dagobert was under the porch of the inn, occupied in washing with all his might.

At this moment, old Morok came up, and, approaching the soldier, addressed him nearly as follows:

"Good day, Mr. Muff,
You look very gruff."

Dagobert frowned, but did not leave off washing.

"Now don't be so grave,
But tip us a stave."

Dagobert was still silent.

"I know you are a French soldier—a brave man—a hero!"

Dagobert remained as mute as a fish, upon which Morok proceeded to *tease* him worse than ever, till the soldier lost patience, and, looking him full in the face, exclaimed: "Go to Jericho!"

Then he began again to wash—wash—wash. But this did not satisfy

the mountebank, who returned to the charge, saying: "You are a rogue, a rascal, a brigand of the Loire!"

Dagobert, as patient as an angel, walked off with his wash-tub, and removed the site of his hydraulic operations.

Morok followed him, and recommenced his annoyances.

Dagobert felt a great desire to give him a *good licking;* but restrained himself, and, to divert his attention, began to sing the popular air of "A captain bold," &c.

Certain topers, attracted by curiosity, approached the two old fellows, and re-established between them an appearance of harmony.

The mountebank dissembled, and Dagobert went to Jovial in the stable.

Great was the astonishment of our old soldier, when he saw that his horse was transformed into a *porcupine!*

It was terror that had made all the hair on Jovial's body stand on end.

A dreadful roar apprised Dagobert of the neighborhood of the wild beasts, the cause of Jovial's alarm. He led him into another stable, and returned to the room occupied by the twins.

It was a little, half-lighted room, badly furnished, and very badly secured. Rabat-Joie watched over them.

They were chatting together whilst waiting for Dagobert.

"Do you think *he* will come to-night?"

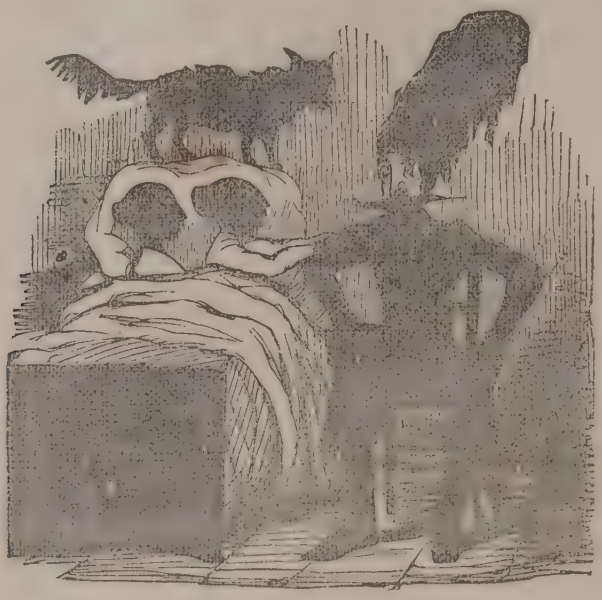
"Yes, for he promised us yesterday."

"What happiness, that he loves us both!"

"What would have become of the poor neglected one?"

This moral dialogue is interrupted by little melo-dramatic effects such as a window opening of itself—panes of glass breaking of themselves—strange noises behind the door—all interrupted by the arrival of Dagobert.

He is pale as a man suffering from great emotion, or a bad colic. He seats himself by the bed of children. He has a secret to tell them.



They also have a secret to tell him.

All the company are, then, for the moment, in a state of general anxiety, including Rabat-Joie, who pricks up his ears not to lose a word of the conversation, though, on his side, he has not the smallest secret to relate.

What is it all to come to?

Go on! go on, reader!

Let us then, if you please, proceed to the following chapter, which will reveal to us the famous Mysteries of Siberia, that will quite throw into the shade the *Mysteries of Paris*.

CONFIDENTIAL.

"Just imagine, Dagobert," said one of the little girls, "that, for two nights running, we have had a visit from a fair young man."

"The devil you have!" cried Dagobert.

"Yes, a fair young man with blue eyes—as long as a fashionable romance."

"Thunder and 'ounds!" cried Dagobert.

"Don't be angry! If you knew our Gabriel, you would love him as we do. He is just like Mr. Hyacinthe, at the theatre of the *Varieties*, and

you would like to dream of him every night, as we do. He is our guardian angel."

"It is a dream, then!" cried Dagobert. "Ah! so much the better Your dream almost gave me the night-mare. But we've talked enough about fair young men. I have come here to speak of your father, to whom very strange things happened in the course of his life. I must tell you, first, that your papa is a general, who, as you know, was made Duke de Ligny by the Emperor, because he had been nearly killed at the battle of Montmirail. It is an historical fact, and you will find it in the *Constitutionnel.*

"Well," cried Dagobert, "your father, the general, married a Pole at Cracow; which did not prevent his leaving her some months after, to go and fight for his amusement. One day, he was just opposite the mouth of a Prussian cannon, which was about to spit a volley of grape-shot into his face, so that the general thought himself dished, when a stranger came and placed himself between the cannon and your papa, and received the whole discharge, without even winking his eye.

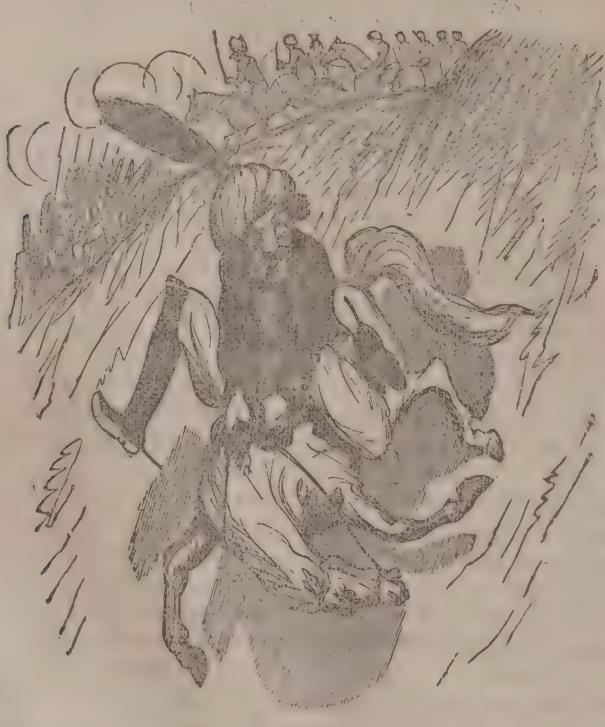
"You suppose that our man was blown to pieces? Not at all; the grape-shot only brushed the dust off his coat!

"I leave you to imagine the surprise of the general, particularly as the good man, who had so miraculously preserved his life, was no doubt in a hurry to go to dinner, for he walked off instantly, without giving your papa time to thank him, or even to offer him a glass of grog.

"After the battle of Waterloo, the general, who had a most charming character, but who always felt the want of breaking somebody's head, went over to India, to fight for the natives against the English.

"I need not tell you, that your papa was again covered with glory, and

had a delightful time of it; only, one day, in a desperate charge, he and his horse tumbled over into a ravine.



"That, my children, is all I had to tell you about your family!"

AN AWKWARD TRICK UPON JOVIAL.

During this interesting narrative, strange things were passing in the stable that contained the tiger, the panther, Goliah, Morok, and other wild beasts.

Morok had received orders from a certain central committee, of which you will hear more in time, to delay for a few days Dagobert's arrival at Paris. The interests of the whole world were at stake—perhaps!

What, then, does Morok do? He can think of nothing better, than to bring about an interview between Dagobert's horse and *his* black panther of Java.

The black panther, very unlike those who dine at an eating-house for thirty-two sous, was extremely fond of *horse*-beef, and poor Jovial was devoured in the twinkling of an eye.

When this culinary operation was completed, Morok drove back his panther into the cage, by help of his *riding-stick* of hot steel, which had been in the fire ever since the commencement of the story, without any one's knowing why.

Dagobert, hearing the last cry of his poor Jovial—who was not very *jovial* just then—flew to the defence of his quadruped, and seized Morok by the throat, with the evident intention of strangling him for his proper satisfaction.

Then, suddenly changing his opinion, Dagobert began to reflect, that the dead body of Morok would be of no use in helping him on his way to Paris, and therefore called out for the police, to make the brute-tamer find him another horse.

You will agree with me, that this reasoning had some sense in it. We shall see, hereafter, if Dagobert was right in trusting to *justice*, which is not always so *just* as it ought to be—since the days of Solomon, the first police-magistrate mentioned in history.

THE BURGOMASTER.

The magistrate of the place was not long in coming, though it was in the middle of the night; but he came with all the bad humor of a man in authority, interrupted in his first sleep.

Our public functionary proceeded to interrogate Dagobert, and began by asking him for his papers.

Dagobert goes up stairs to look for his papers in his knapsack. The devil and his horns to boot! the knapsack is empty as the cash-box of some joint-stock company. Whilst the panther embowelled Jovial, Goliah disembowelled the knapsack!

Enraged at this series of practical jokes, Dagobert sees clearly, that only one thing remains to do, and that is, to quit this disagreeable tavern of the *White Falcon* as soon as possible, and, as he has lost all, not to trouble himself about the bill.

Before he flies, however, Dagobert has a little whim of his own to gratify—in administering an enormous kick, with the heel of his boot, to the persons of the burgomaster and Morok.

Having done this, he sets out with the rapidity of a defaulter on his way to Brussels; taking care to drag after him Rose and Blanche, who are just then *yellow* with fear.

But what in the world brought Dagobert to this infernal inn of the *White Falcon*? The only excuse for his coming, is to be found in the manner in which he leaves it—through the window, like a Parisian running away from his landlord.

Dear reader! if you wish to follow Dagobert, Morok, and Mr. Eugene Sue—go on! go on! go on!

Are you already fatigued, dear reader? On my word, I am sorry for it, for we are yet only at the first stage of our history, and we have nine more before us, containing, besides the illustrations, a multitude of lines that I am afraid to cast up, for fear of startling you—therefore, gentle reader go on! go on!

Or, if you like it better—read! read! read

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.*

Come, my unfortunate pen! go on! go on!

See what is fate! Some eighteen hundred years ago, a Jew took it into his head to be uncivil to a passer-by, not having read with attention the *Manual of Polite Behavior*—and what is the consequence? Why, the Jew is condemned to keep moving for ever, and Mr. Eugene Sue sweats after him, and we have to keep up with Mr. Eugene Sue, and you, dear and innocent reader, are obliged to follow *us!*

What punishments for a single fault!

Let this be our excuse, and we shall never cease repeating to every one: "Be civil! be civil!"

We say this more especially for the benefit of notaries and stock-brokers, who are not always civil enough to inform us of their intentions, when they set out suddenly for Belgium.

THE ORDERS.

Unless you have very little curiosity, you have certainly said to yourself a good many times, since the commencement of this present authentic history: "But tell me, what is it that directs the movements of all these divers personages? Where is the hand that pulls the string which sets in motion all these obedient puppets?"

We are going to show you the *Séraphin* of this drama of dancing dolls.† When we say *seraphin*, we make no allusion to angels; for this one is as black as the devil himself.

Collect all your courage, if you have any; and we ought all to have some, when everybody is at least a soldier—in the National Guard!

Besides, you have read the *Mysteries of Paris*, have you not? Well, what more risk can you possibly run?—the *Schoolmaster*, *Tortillard*, and *Bras-Rouge*, ought certainly to have seasoned your nerves. And then, if the *taff* were to come—"I beg your pardon, what did you say?"—I say, if the *taff*—which means fright, terror, and is one of those simply natural words omitted in the first ten editions of the *Mysteries*, but sure to be inserted in the eleventh—if the *taff* were to come, say to yourselves, as the good country-curate said to his congregation, when he saw them

* N.B.—We have once more to announce to the universe in general, and to our subscribers in particular, that any reproduction, even in the smallest morsels, of the present work, will be considered *piracy;* and it is well known to all who are in the slightest degree acquainted with the law of nations, that *piracy is punished with death!*

N.B. No. 2.—Since our first assignment to Mr. Collemann, of the exclusive right of inundating Germany with *Wandering Jews*, we have come to terms with a vast number of foreign publishers, whose names it would take too long to mention; suffice it to say, that the copyright is yet to be disposed of, for *Portugal*, *Mexico*, *China*, and the *Batignolles*.

† *Séraphin* is the manager of a celebrated puppet-show.

roaring like so many bull-calves, after a sermon upon hell: "Come! you need not cry like that. After all, it is, perhaps, not true!"

Are you ready? do you not tremble? Well, in that case, I will venture to reveal to you, that we are in the Rue des Oursins, in the closet of a Jesuit!

And what a Jesuit! He is at once a tiger, a fox, an owl, a woodlouse, and a serpent. You see that he is a rare specimen of natural history. But this was not too much for the taste of the subscribers to the *Constitutionnel*, whom former editors had long ago feasted to satiety, on musical spiders, calves with eleven legs, and other sea-serpents more or less marvellous.

This amiable individual is named Rodin, which rhymes very well with *gredin*;* a proof that, in spite of the proverb, rhyme and reason will sometimes go together. This *gredin*—no, I mean this Rodin—is occupied just now in reading letters, which the Jesuits write to him from the four quarters of the world, the said Jesuits being all engaged in one thing—namely, in preventing the descendants of a certain family from being in Paris on the 13th February, 1832, the day of the great ball at Musard's.

Only, the place of meeting is No. 3, Rue Saint-François; I don't know Saint-François personally, but I suppose he must be a Jesuit. In future, I shall be on my guard against that abominable No. 3. As for No. 13, I have long had my private opinion about it; and if you have not yet made up your mind as to these cabalistic numbers, consult the *Prophetic Almanac* for 1845.

Well, no matter—when we see that the appointment is made in the Rue Saint-François, we conclude that, in spite of the coincidence, the ball at Musard's has nothing to do with the matter.

It would be to degrade the great Musard, to bring his orchestra to the Rue Saint-François. His coat is too black, and his face too yellow, to stoop to such an indignity!

If you knew what an *im-m-mense* interest the Jesuits have in preventing the meeting in question! You must suppose that a society, which has ramifications in the four quarters of the world, would not take all this trouble for nothing; why, in postages alone, about Dagobert, the Jesuits must have spent more than a hundred crowns. You may calculate the rest!

So long as Mr. Conte† remains at the head of the post-office, the Jesuits will exist in France, let the *Constitutionnel* say what it will. The interests of the exchequer before everything!

The seven descendants of the mysterious family have always agreed perfectly together—for the reason, it may be, that they have not met for the last hundred and fifty years. Now, the infamous Rodin, whose *daguerreotype* portrait we here subjoin, has determined that these personages shall not become better acquainted; therefore, he employs every method, including wild beasts and burgomasters, to delay the arrival in Paris of the twin-sisters with the medal, and of the other individuals who have received as their inheritance a similar little leaden ornament.

This rascal of a Rodin is not, however, Jesuit-in-chief. He has a superior named D'Aigrigny, who was formerly a colonel in the Hussars.

I have often asked myself the question, what became of Hussar-colonel

* Rogue, rascal, shabby fellow.

† Postmaster-general.

in their old age? The *Constitutionnel* informs us that they become Jesuits Hussar-colonels are, certainly, odd-fellows!

Hardly has ex-colonel Aigrigny, for the moment chief of the Jesuits, sent off his letters, when he receives two himself—one from Normandy to summon him to his sick mamma—the other ordering him to set out immediately for Rome.

The choice is a difficult one; but, like a good son, he resolves to obey his mother—the church. He has horses put to the first cabriolet he meets—and *whip up, coachee!*

Rodin triumphs, and *takes a sight* at his superior.

It is true, that there was nothing to prevent D'Aigrigny from going to the Vatican by way of Normandy—since the proverb says, *every road leads to Rome!*

THE STRANGLERS.

From the middle of the Rue des Oursins, we are transported to the centre of Asia, where we find another descendant of the same numerous family with the little leaden medals.

This personage, whom the Jesuits have the same great interest to keep from enjoying himself at Paris during the carnival of 1832, is the famous Prince Djalma, the most perfect specimen of an elegant Indian youth, and president of the *Elephant Club* at Batavia.

I do not know if there be such a club at Java, but I suppose that the charming young men of that delightful country must have their rubber of whist and their cigar in the evening; as well as the youth of the most civilized capital in the world.

What would be man's happiness upon earth without whist and cigars? let me ask you that question—or rather say I have no occasion to ask it, for I am already quite certain of your answer, and I see no advantage in devoting our precious time to this dialogue.

We have plenty to do without that; and twenty different heroes at least, each one more interesting than the other, claim our attention—of which we should be careful not to deprive them.

The correspondent of the Jesuits at the island of Java can think of no better plan to detain Prince Djalma, than to set a *strangler* at his heels.

Java!!!—hideous and magnificent country, full of reptiles, and subtle

poisons, and splendid trees, and perfumed bats, and charming stranglers—land all swarming with adjectives, mountain of piled-up superlatives, volcano of sounding antitheses—good day, Java, good day!

Djalma, then, as we said before, has a *strangler* always after him.

The Society of Stranglers in India is a joint-stock company for making experiments on the necks of travellers. These true friends of strangulation strangle as a mere matter of taste, just to pass away the time, as other people play at *loto* or *dominoes*.

You must not suppose that these Indian stranglers go about their work stupidly and brutally. Like those *phansegars* of Paris, who, between eleven and twelve at night seize hold of the cravats of honest citizens, as they come home from the theatre, humming the air of the *mazurka*.

The Javanese display more patience and skill in such matters, and *practise* for the love of art, and not for a wretched thirty-sous piece.

This proves to us how much Europe is behind Asia, particularly with regard to strangulation. It is a melancholy fact, but we are forcibly compelled to acknowledge it.

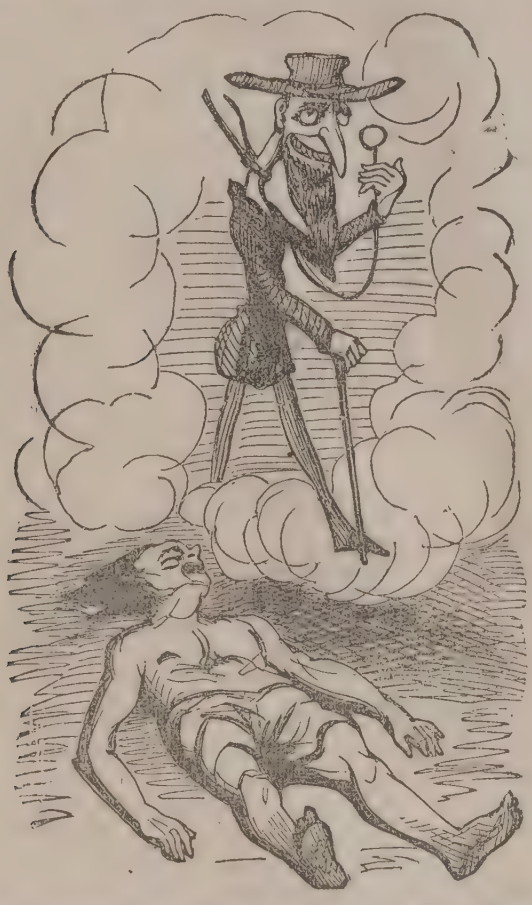
Cord in hand, they conceal themselves behind a hedge, and wait for a victim, no matter who. The first gentleman going out to dinner will serve their turn as well as any one.

The number of persons who thus disappear in India, every season, is immense; and, according to the *Constitutionnel*, the sect of the Stranglers is almost as dangerous as that of the Jesuits. This opinion, being conscientious, merits respect.

In his character of everlasting walker, the Wandering Jew passes, on a day, close to one of these dangerous hedges. He is immediately strangled; but, to keep up the joke, he makes a point of returning from time to time, to make his bow to the Indian that wrung his neck, and he even troubles him in his dreams.

Yes! during the night, Faringhea the Strangler dreams no end of the most tiresome stupidities. The wanderer smiles on him, the wanderer blesses him, the wanderer makes mouths at him, the wanderer treats him to bits of the most exquisite morality. Faringhea weeps, Faringhea howls,

Faringhea sweats like an ox, but does not think of giving up his little peccadillo, and begins again, the next day, to strangle as perseveringly as



ever—seeing that habit is second nature—when it is not the *first*, as some philosophers have thought, and I amongst them.

Therefore, I am really enraptured that I did not contract in my infancy the deplorable habit of strangling some one at least once a week; for, now that I am thirty-two years of age, it might be painful to give up the gratification—as happens with regard to the amusement of stuffing one's nose full of snuff—a custom as fashionable as it is filthy.

However, you need be under no apprehension for the life of the young and brilliant Prince Djalma, in whom you no doubt take as much interest as I do; but then I must frankly confess to you, that I am rather *soft* on these subjects, and that I take interest in Dagobert and his twins, and Marshal Simon, whom I have not the honor of knowing, and Djalma, and all the Baudoin family, and Rabat-Joie, and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and Mademoiselle Mayeux, and Gabriel, &c., &c., &c.—so that my interest is scattered and divided all over the world, and sometimes I hardly know where to find it.

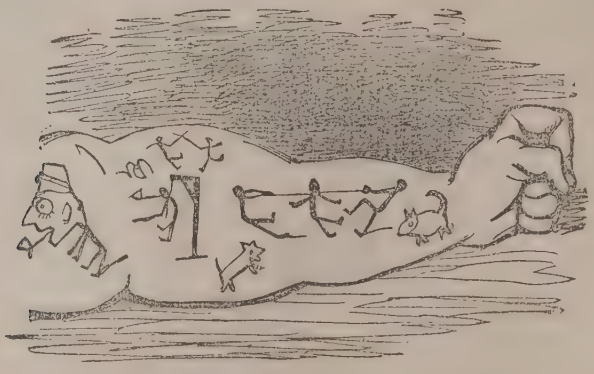
Of whom were we talking just now? I think it was of Djalma.

It would be sad to lose at once two acquaintances who became dear to us

at first sight. Having hardly dried our eyes since the loss of our poor friend Jovial, it would be too grievous to have again to weep for our friend Djalma.

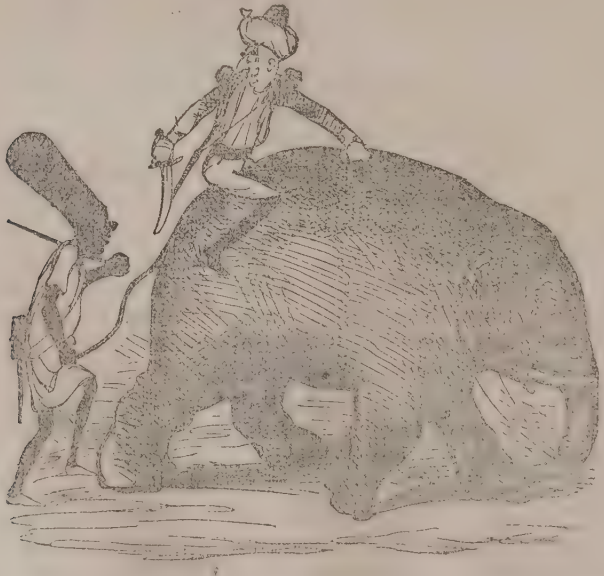
Ah! do not let us dwell upon this horrible idea!

The Strangler's mission was only to tattoo the prince's arm during sleep in the following manner.



This agreeable operation is the distinctive sign of all the members of the joint-stock company of stranglers. It seems to me a very ingenious method of escaping the clutches of the police of India. It is just as if the thieves of Paris were to agree amongst themselves to wear a badge at their button-holes.

When Djalma has been properly tattooed, without knowing it, the correspondent of the Jesuits informs the constables of Batavia that he has discovered one of the principal chiefs of the Stranglers.



To make this accusation the more probable, our Jesuit, under the pretence of a meeting with General Simon, contrives that our tattooed prince

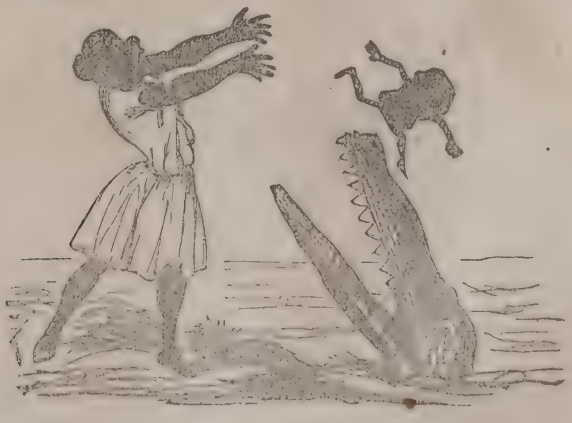
should be found near the ruins of a temple, which serves as a kind of lounge for the Strangler's club.

It is there that, every night, these *amateurs* talk over their exploits, cast up the account of dead men for the day, and laugh at the remembrance of their victims' grimaces. You see they must be a very gay party.

Hardly has the innocent prince come up with these scoundrels, when a patrol of the National Guards of Java surrounds the society, and all are made prisoners.

Once caught, Djalma in vain protests he is innocent. The circumstance of the tattooing is against him; and as it appears that, in India, they begin to adopt our civilized modes of procedure, the Jesuit may safely calculate that the prince will be detained in prison for at least fifteen months, before he can prove that he is not a Strangler.

After that lapse of time, and a multitude of pleadings, the judges will perhaps decide that it is no joke to send a man into the other world before one is quite sure that he is not satisfied with this. In consequence, the condemned person will be sentenced to be flogged to death, which is the manner of guillotining in that country.



Decidedly, it is not advantageous *to be a Strangler* in India. *To be an Englishman*, on the contrary, is very much to the purpose.*

But let us return to Europe, and quit this island of Java, where men strangle for amusement, and women throw their children to crocodiles—at least so says the *Constitutionnel*.

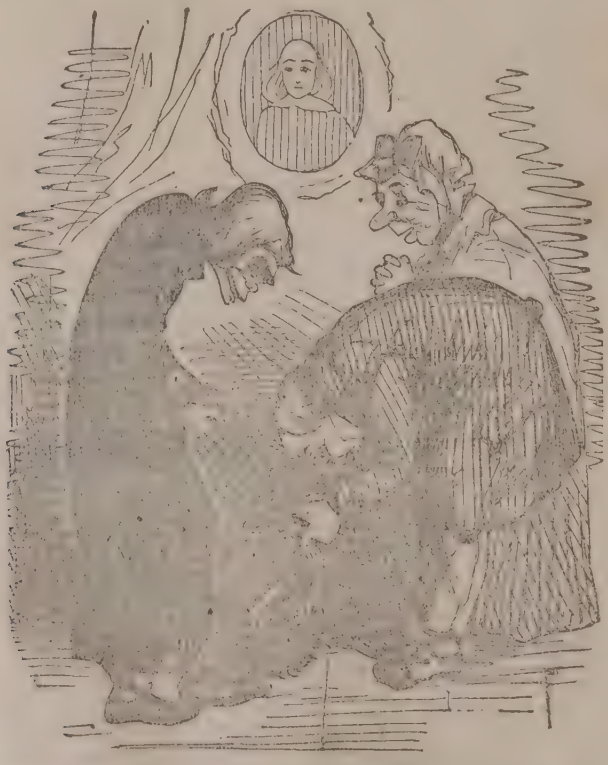
I give you the anecdote as I find it, and would rather believe it, than go and see it.

THE SHIPWRECK.

We are now in Picardy, not far from Saint-Valery, in the Chateau de Cardoville, belonging to the Princess de Saint-Dizier. Perhaps, you do not know this lady?—Neither do I. No matter; let us walk in boldly.

What would be the use of only visiting the people we know?—Alas! one may be too well known, and turned out of doors in consequence.

Now here we find again this intriguing fellow of a Rodin, who introduces himself in the most wheedling manner to the bailiff of the estate, to request that he will act as a spy upon his employers.



These Jesuits have spies everywhere, and, since I read the *Wandering Jew*, I do not even trust my perier's wife with the key of my cellar—for fear she should drink my few bottles of claret to the health of the society.

* *D'étrangler—D'être Anglais*—an untranslateable pun.

Of course, the honest man rejects with indignation the proposition of the Jesuit Rodin. A good and honest bailiff may rob his masters—it has been done before, and will pass current in society—but to be a spy on them —never!

I believe that, in the story of Mr. Eugene Sue, this bailiff does not even know how to *feather his nest.* This character seems to me excessively romantic.

Whilst Rodin is making his proposals to obtain a correspondent in Picardy for the house in the Rue des Oursins, a storm suddenly rises, such as we have never before seen—in the pages of the *Constitutionnel.*

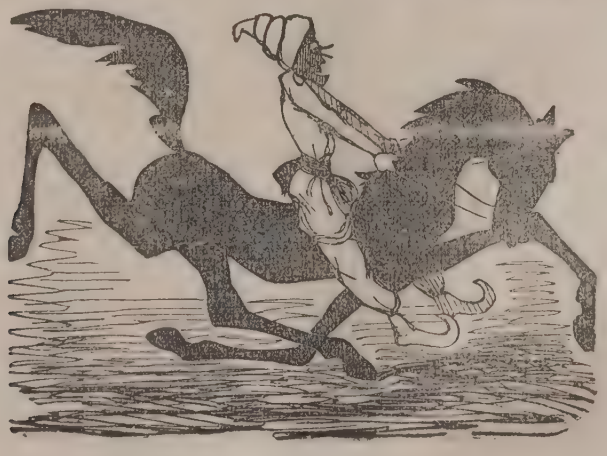
Ah! what a storm! I would give it you all in detail, if it would only put a few coppers more into my pocket. But I am not like some authors, who are paid by the line, and have, therefore, no possible reason to spin out my descriptions.

I will, then, content myself with telling you that, from the windows of the chateau, one looks out upon the sea, and that there one perceives two vessels in a very awkward position. Only think, then, of the people on board! By the way, can you guess who are the passengers by these vessels? It is in vain to try, and I should not mind giving you a thousand chances, for you might just as well *keep your breath to cool your porridge,* to use the grand style of the grand age of Louis XIV.; I prefer telling you at once, that one of the ships contains Dagobert, and the other Djalma.

What a rencounter! is it not? Here is Rodin, who believes himself safe and quiet, and, thanks to his correspondence and other ingenious methods, feels persuaded that the family with the leaden medals cannot be in Paris on the 13th February, 1832; well! in spite of burgomasters, wild beasts, and stranglers, here are the twin-sisters, and the Indian prince, who is at least (I suspect) their cousin, all together at the same moment off the coast of France—not in a very comfortable condition, it must be owned.

I would tell you how the prince and Dagobert escaped from the snares of their enemies in Java and Germany; but to what purpose? They are safe, and *that* is the chief consideration!

When we say *they are safe,* we have faith in Providence, and in Mr. Eugene Sue. All the heroes of our story cannot have come to the coast of France only to be drowned. It would not have been worth the trouble of



so long a voyage, and Djalma, in particular, need not have fled from prison, by the aid of a blood-horse, *swift as the wind.*

Heavens! how he rattled along! Compared to him, all the heroes of the turf, at Chantilly, are little better than tortoises.

But, however wonderful was this courser, he could not carry Djalma to the shores of France. No! at Batavia, the prince had exchanged him for a steamer, which was all the better that it had the power of two hundred and fifty horses.

The sea was disgusting—waves of bottle-green, marbled with white, undulating beneath the red band of the horizon!

The clouds are of a dirty sulphurous color, and the wind sweeps them along, whilst the sun, pale with the fear of events to come, goes to hide himself at the antipodes, not without casting a sidelong glance at the fury of the raging sea.

There is a little description, with which I am not at all displeased. What do you say to it?

The two ships dance the most frightful *cachucha;* tossed by the waves, pushed by the tempest, pulled by the tide, rolled over by the flood, they are, as we have already said, in a very disagreeable position.

Take a sea-voyage for pleasure! oh, yes!

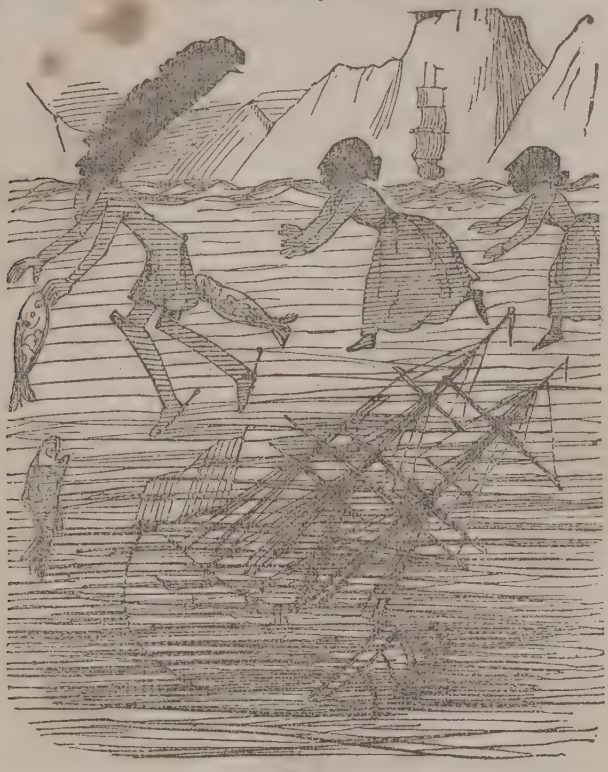
Suddenly the two ships go down, and our heroes save themselves as they best can.

Rodin sees all this from the window, and repeats, without disturbing himself further: "They will be saved! they will be lost!"

He did not know who were the personages that were thus sprawling about in the ocean; so I must leave you to imagine his surprise, when he recognizes, in the first man who arrives from the shipwreck at the chateau, Dagobert, the old Grenadier of the Old Guard, looking for all the world as if he belonged to a regiment (not imperial) of tritons, or other amphibious animals, more or less fabulous.

The fact is, that the classical and proverbial phrase of *wet as a sop*, did not fully express the social and sub-marine condition of Dagobert. On such occasions one could almost curse the poverty of the language!

But that is not all. Not only Djalma, who comes from Java—Dagobert and the twins, who come from Saxony—and Gabriel, who comes from America—have all met on the same day, at the same point, and have drunk



of the same salt-water; but they—oh! mysterious fate!—have alone been saved, out of some hundreds of passengers. What a chance!

No, I forgot; some one is saved with them. It is our old friend Faringhea, one of those worthy Stranglers. I say *Faringhea*, not *Farina*. Equity and the laws of September, which would give to Mr. Jean Farina, inventor of the celebrated *eau de Cologne*, the right of forcing us to insert an answer *twice the length of the article in which his name is mentioned*, oblige us to declare, that Faringhea the Strangler has no connexion with the aforesaid dealer in aromatics.

Faringhea has escaped from the hands of the patrol, after strangling the bearer of a letter from the Javanese correspondent to poor Mr. Rodin, who is just now vexed and disappointed in all ways. By reading this despatch, the Strangler has discovered the secret of the Jesuits. Our nine or ten heroes, including Rabat-Joie, who is not the least amusing of the company, have thus met in the Chateau de Cardoville, where we shall leave them to dry themselves, whilst we travel to Paris.

But don't be impatient; they will soon come after us. All these people travel at a devil of a rate. Even Dagobert, without money, without papers, without a horse will arrive before us, I warrant you.

We, poor and honest citizens, have no such luck. We have no conveyance but the diligence of Messrs. Lafitte and Caillard, which travels at the rate of two leagues an hour—and we may think ourselves fortunate if it is not upset on the road.

But then—we are not heroes of a romance!

THE RUE BRISE-MICHE.

Unhappy Rue Brise-Miche! may not Mr. de Rambuteau* play it the same trick that he did to the *Rue aux Feves*, which was condemned to destruction by the Prefect of the Seine, six months after Mr. Eugene Sue had aspired to make it immortal?

At this hour, there exists no more a *Rue aux Feves* in the city, than upon my hand; and future antiquaries must take their description of it from the first chapter of the *Mysteries of Paris*, which will thus become an archæological work of the highest value.

The most singular part of the story is, that Mr. de Rambuteau, in destroying this narrow, and, I must needs say, very dirty and most unsavory smelling street, pretends that he has deserved well of the Parisians! As if any Rue aux Feves, however broad and airy, could compensate for the loss of the filthy gutter, in which puddled of old a fair young thing like *Fleur-de-Marie!*

Ah, Mr. Rambuteau! I am sorry to tell you, sir, that you understand nothing of divine poetry, and the sacred worship of memory!

If you leave none but wide streets, like the Rue de la Paix, at Paris, you put down the *flash-houses*, the dark allies, the boxing-matches under a lamp between gentleman-riders and *kiddies* in smock-frocks!

But then Paris will lose its charm for German princes, and life will become desperately monotonous, so that one might as well take up one's abode at Quimper-Corentin, or other country town, where they register as a capital crime in the annals of the city, the act of tripping up a gendarme, or shaking a carpet on the head of a tax-gatherer.

Now, from the moment that you deprive the capital of the presence of German princes, you injure society in general, and the *Chourineurs*† in particular. This deserves consideration; for it is quite enough to have put down the gaming-houses, where your great personages could amuse themselves with a series of *red* and *black*, without putting down the back streets, where gentlemen from beyond the Rhine could seek the diversion of a series of knock-down blows.

I demand formally of the Municipal Council, that it take under its immediate protection the Rue Brise-Miche, and I hope you will sign my petition.

Having written so far, we will resume the thread of our narrative, hoping this little philosophical digression will not be lost on our contemporaries, who cannot imagine how much we had at heart, to write thirty lines upon this subject, exactly at this place.

Ah! if they knew! But they never *will* know; for this is a secret to be kept everlastingly between me and Mr. Antoine, the printer who had to *impose* this work, and who informed me, with tears in his eyes and on his spec-

* Prefect of Paris. † See *Mysteries of Paris*

tacles, that he wanted just thirty lines to fill up the space to the next wood-cut!

Oh, Mr. Antoine! Mr. Antoine! how sad you made me at that moment!

But I see that, in my imprudence, I have revealed this typographical secret. I must confide in your discretion.

It is then at No. 5, Rue Brise-Miche—remember the number, if you should happen to be passing that way—it is then at No. 5, that is situated the legal domicile of the Dagobert family—which consists of Mother Dagobert, the cream of all mothers, and Son Dagobert, the cream of all sons—and of Mayeux, their neighbor, the perfection of neighbours, but, we must also add, alas! the perfection of ugliness!

If I had only given warning at my lodging in proper time, I would go immediately and hire an apartment at No. 5, Rue Brise-Miche, such good company seems to be found in that house.

Mother Dagobert has spent her time, for eighteen years, in having masses said at Saint-Merry for the return of her husband. Dagobert junior, who also answers to the name of Agricola Baudoin, is a remarkable young fellow, who follows the double profession of locksmith and man of letters.

All the week he files, and on Sunday he rhymes—which makes us willing to believe that he is great a poet as Mr. Fichet,* and as good a locksmith as Mr. de Lamartine.

As for La Mayeux, she is an excessively remarkable *type*—a sempstress such as we seldom see, and a hunchback such as we never see—that is to say, so extremely good and *virtuous* (taking the word in its largest sense, for, in its narrow meaning, she had nothing to fear from the members of the Jockey Club), that she would deserve a new *Monthyon prize*† to be invented in her favor.

Meanwhile, I would advise you to give Mademoiselle Mayeux your stockings to mend—because it is only right to encourage virtue!

This defence of hunchbacks, in the person of Mademoiselle Mayeux, is

* A celebrated manufacturer of patent locks.

† A premium for good conduct, and acts of virtue.

not one of the least important or least social things to be found in the romance of Mr. Eugene Sue—in which the author treats of so many important social questions.

Until now, a protuberance on the back passed for the bump of spite and malice, but it will henceforth be recognized as the bump of the most angelic mildness—at least, in women. As for men, the question has not yet been discussed, and, until further orders, the male Mayeux will remain the old Mayeux—that is to say, a regular wag, eminently caustic and troublesome.

Now, that you know all the family, you must be present at the touching interview between Dagobert senior and his son. Agricola had not seen his father for eighteen years, but he knew him immediately by his Grenadier's cap—the only one, I suppose, that still existed in Europe.

The father and son threw themselves into each other's arms. What a picture!

Such scenes do us good to contemplate—therefore do not hurry, but contemplate it quite at your leisure, taking care to blow your nose, if your emotion should render it necessary!

Embraces, as touching as they were suffocating, made Dagobert forget all his numerous misadventures, and particularly the infinitely too complete sea-bath he had lately taken, in company with two young ladies, and a whole host of fishes.

It is true, that, once re-united to his family in the Rue Brise-Miche, Dagobert began to reflect that they would have very little to eat—seeing, that to feed six persons, including Rabat-Joie, who might well pass for two, considering the enormous appetite of those fine northern races—to feed seven persons, therefore, they had only what Agricola earned as a locksmith and a poet—which amounted together exactly to a locksmith's wages.

All poetry in our age, may be classed under two heads—an excessively small portion of verse, which sells a little; and a prodigiously large one, which does not sell at all

Therefore do the booksellers call the poets *nightingales*—because they sing in solitude.

To be a poet, a great poet, a wonderful poet, and to have no one to listen to you—that is really a sad affair. To have no one! not even one's publisher—for, in general, publishers have their ears stuffed with cotton.

Agricola was not only a man of letters and of looks. To these two liberal professions he added a third, still more liberal—which consisted in taking home *gratis* to their mistresses, the lap-dogs that happened to be lost in the streets of Paris. O philanthropy! thou art not an empty name; and wert thou banished from the rest of the earth, thou wouldst be sure to be found in the Rue Brise-Miche!

Moreover, as was said by the two great moralists of our country, La Rochefoucault and Bilboquet: "A good action is never thrown away."

It is true that another equally great moralist has maintained, that you ought never to render a service to any one, if you wish the gratitude to keep pace with the kindness.

It is this last maxim which is generally most practised in our time.

If Mr. Eugene Sue delights to show us specimens of extraordinary men, he does not fail to give us sketches of no less extraordinary dogs.

One evening, Agricola takes home to a young lady in the Faubourg Saint-Germaine, a little dog that had strayed from her. As it is extremely ugly, she is, of course, devotedly attached to it. As a recompense for his trouble, Agricola will only accept a simple flower (a bulbous plant, called the *crinum amabile*); for such are the locksmiths—I mean, the men of letters, of our day; they take home dogs to young ladies, and are content with a bulbous plant, without even a pot to it!

We have already made acquaintance with *Rabat-Joie*, who belongs to that fine Northern race,—the inhabitants of Greenland; then we have *Lutine*, the pet of the young lady; and then comes a famous cur, belonging to the Princess de Saint-Dizier—which cur will likewise play his part in this history.

I forgot to tell you that the aforesaid cur is called *Monsieur*, a denomination which I think too polite for a mere dog, who does not even aspire to the rank of a poodle.

Ah! if he were a poodle!—but he is not!

After this, in a visit to Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville, Agricola gains something more than a bulbous plant, for he gains a protectress, who says to him: "When you are in need of me, young locksmith, my door will always be open to you, without your having to pick the lock."

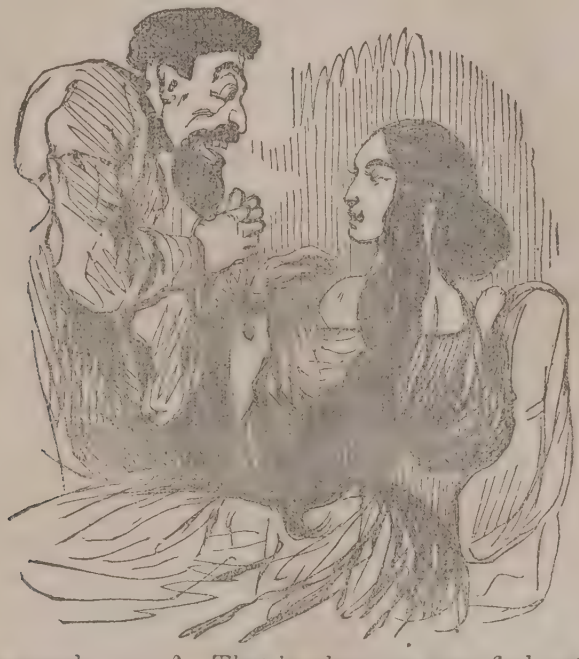
If that is not her exact expression, it is certainly the sense of her amiable reply.

By an accident, which I cannot but think singular, Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville happens likewise to be a descendant of this famous family of the 13th February, 1832. She also possesses a little leaden medal, to which she appears to have hitherto paid but very little attention. It is true, that she has a good stock of other trinkets, which will explain why she has never thought of wearing this medal in her head-dress.

In his character of locksmith, Agricola ought to have nothing to do with the police, but his profession of man of letters is much more dangerous in this respect. All governments are so well disposed to patronize poets, that they offer them free lodgings in Bastiles and other state prisons. Excellent governments!

The Jesuit Rodin, furious at the arrival of Dagobert in Paris, and not being able to wreak his vengeance on the old Grenadier, or even make him serve as a pioneer of the National Guard, cap and all, since he is more than fifty-six years old—determines to have Agricola arrested, for having written a *Song for the Workmen*—so easy an arrest at any time, and particularly in 1832, memorable for such captures!

Agricola, strong in his innocence, naturally begins by running away, and flies to his young and pretty protectress, that she may get him out of the scrape.



Will he be saved, or no? That is what you must find out in the next

part. If we told you all now, you might feel inclined not to read any further—which is what we wish to avoid—of course, entirely on your account.

We will, however, just let you know, that, whilst he is thus in pursuit of Agricola, the old rascal Rodin does not lose sight of the interesting twin-sisters, whom (in his quality of fox-owl-serpent) he broods over with vulture-eye!

I find it dreadfully interesting! Do you not agree with me?

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART III.

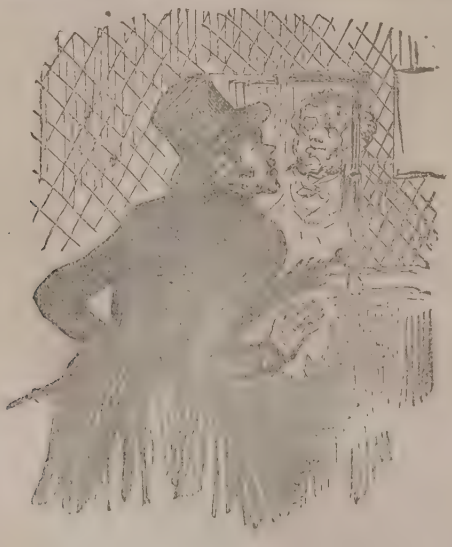
THE PLOT OF THE JESUITESS.

HAVE you any nerves, dear reader, and, above all, *fair* reader? Ah! you have nerves? The more's the pity!

If I might give you a piece of advice, it would be to string the said nerves to the utmost, for I am about to tell you things that will make your hair stand on end—that is, if you have any hair.

We have already made the acquaintance of Rodin and d'Aigrigny, and a number of other queer customers of the Rue des Oursins. Well! all these disciples of Saint-Ignatius are just nothing at all compared to a *Jesuitess!*

At sight of a Jesuitess, the *Constitutionnel* would make the sign of the

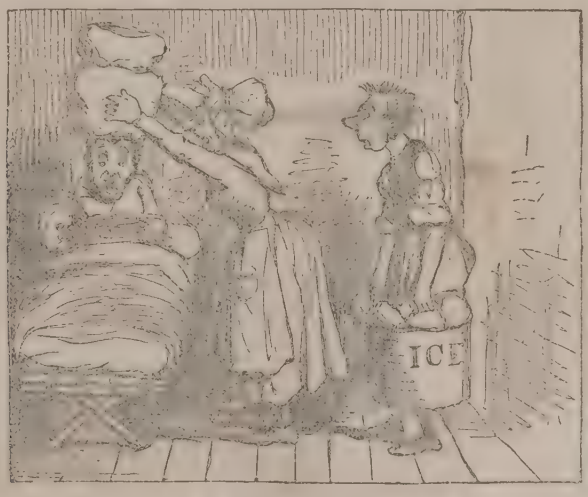


cross, and exclaim: "*Vade retro, Satanas!*" unless, indeed, she came to subscribe to the paper. It is a general rule, never to say *vade retro* to any one who comes to a newspaper office with that pious and laudable intention.

Thanks to this droll Jesuitess of a princess, you will see a young girl shut up in a mad-house, two other young girls cooped up in a convent, three other —— but what am I doing? imprudent fool that I am! if I make you tremble before hand, you will not tremble at all at the proper time. I will therefore tell you nothing more, except that, in all you are going to see, you will not see the *Wandering Jew*, which is the reason why he continues to give his name to Mr. Eugene Sue's work. He is certainly an odd fellow —I don't mean Mr. Sue, but his hero.

With these preliminaries, I will go on with my story, which I began on the 22d of August, and again on the 5th of October; for all which I must refer you to your memory, or to your collection of *Charivaris*.

You must know, then, that the Jesuitess de Saint-Dizier, aunt of Mademoiselle Adrienne, has resolved to make her niece pass for mad, because she interferes with her plans; and the Abbé d'Aigrigny, on his side, puts his shoulder to the wheel of the carriage that is to carry off Adrienne from the Hotel de Saint-Dizier, when he learns that Mademoiselle de Cardoville



is about to bring to this same hotel the young Prince Djalma, the royal Indian who wears a medal at his button-hole, just like a ticket-porter of the good city of Paris.

The Princess de Saint-Dizier, therefore, assembles a family-council, to pass judgment on the behavior of Mademoiselle de Cardoville—an infernal council, which conceives the idea of shutting up Adrienne in a mad-house, because she spends her money like a young woman of spirit.

One of the judges of the mental state of the young lady is the aforesaid Abbé d'Aigrigny, who arrives this time without his cassock, in a black frock-coat, designed and fitted by Humann.

In short, the old Colonel of Hussars appears under the cloak of the Jesuit. Therefore, whenever you meet a gentleman in a black frock-coat, say to

yourself: "That is a Jesuit?" Also, if you meet an individual in a light blue coat, with gigantic shirt-collars, you may set him down for a Jesuit!

But, above all, beware of an old soldier with a moustache! be sure he is a Jesuit!

The other personage called in to play an important part in this family-council, is Doctor Baleinier, honorary members both of the hospitals and the *congregation* of Paris.

Here is the portrait of this doctor, and should you meet in the streets an enormously fat little man of this figure, you will say to yourself still more emphatically: "That is a Jesuit."

Lopez the Jesuit* is one of the most active members of the order of Loyola. He says *no;* but then it is all flat hypocrisy.

* A stout member of the *Corps Dramatique*

The family-council which has to decide the fate of Adrienne, is also composed of two or three subaltern scoundrels, whose names it would be useless to hand down to posterity.

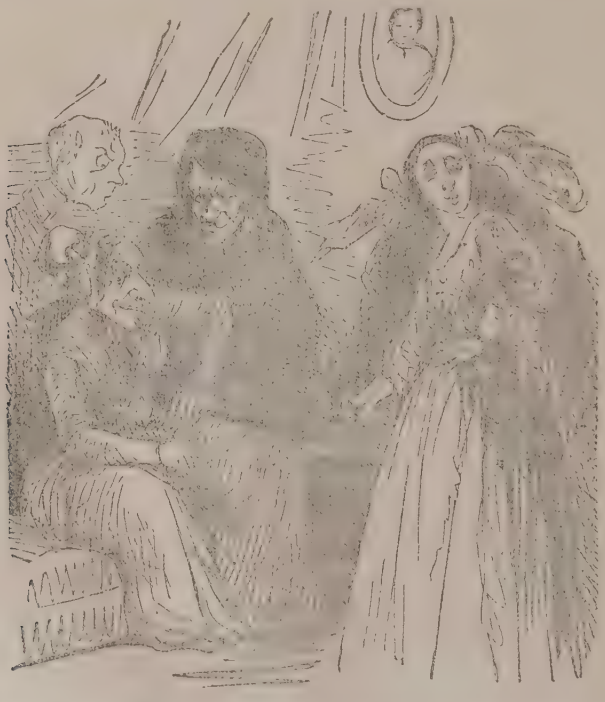
Mademoiselle Adrienne, with her hair dressed as it always is, in the most fantastic manner, is brought before her respectable aunt, who begins by asking her for a statement, almost fabulous in amount, of what she has spent in ribbons, tooth-brushes, pomatum, *eau de Cologne*, créosote Billard, and other perfumery, more or less oriental.

The fact is, that Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville denied herself nothing that could give any pleasure to the senses—in an honest way, is of course understood. She surrounded herself, night and day, with all that is agreeable to eye and nose.

She would have no waiting-women but beautiful young girls, called Florette or Cynthia—nothing in the world would have induced her to hire a porter with a snub-nose—her pocket-handkerchiefs were washed in *eau de Portugal*—from the first dawn of morning, enormous *pastilles* burned upon her chimney-piece, and she had a huge scent-bag for her pillow, strong enough to suffocate a drayman.

The Jesuitess, who wished to excite Mademoiselle Adrienne as much as

possible, knowing that she was hot-headed enough already, began to tease, oh! to tease her, as she had never been teased before. Her object was to



make her say something stupid, which the notary might scribble down as a letter of introduction to the mad-house. But (strange enough!) Adrienne kept her temper, and contented herself with making faces at her aunt like a

well-behaved niece as she was. Only, when the Jesuitess came to the chapter of the young Indian prince, for whom Adrienne was preparing to go to new expenses, and to whom she had already sent a complete fancy-dress, to replace the one he had lost in the storm—at this moment, we say, our young lady became animated, and began to declaim and gesticulate, like a barrister that defends the widow and orphan—or attacks them, as the case may be—for, in a bad cause, he will declaim and gesticulate still more.

We say this without meaning anything personal to the respectable profession of the law. We know better than to offend ten or twelve thousand persons, who all hang together, and only want an excuse for making a noise.

The anger of the Jesuitess reached its height, when Adrienne announced that not only would she receive the Indian prince, with his medal, at the Hotel de Saint-Dizier, but that she would likewise invite two other persons with medals—the daughters of Marshal Simon.

There was a great and prolonged sensation throughout the company!

How truly tantalizing for these poor Jesuits, to learn that all the personages, whom they had been hunting, tattooing, and even devouring in all parts of the world, would yet meet in Paris on the 13th February, and that in the Hotel de Saint-Dizier itself!

O fate! O destiny, here is one of your tricks!

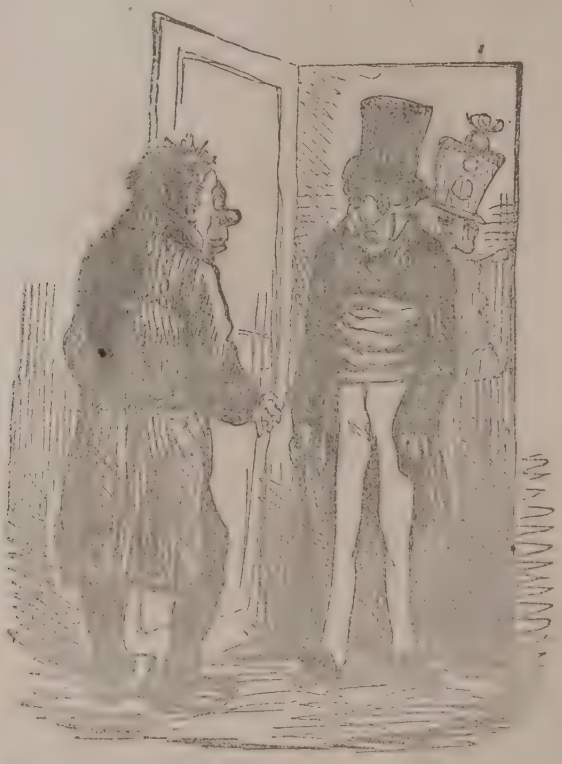
The Abbé d'Aigrigny grew scarlet with fury, and repeated to himself, over and over again, in whispers: "Blow me! but this will never do!"

Suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a lackey, who announced that a policeman wished to speak, on the instant, with Madame the Princess de Saint-Dizier. General attention! Tableau!

It was indeed a policeman who waited for her at the door of the room, in a white cravat and tri-colored sash, with a red nose and blue spectacles, which matched very well with his official scarf.

In general, police-officers are not handsome—it is a right granted to them

by the charter; but they often abuse their right, and presume to be frightfully ugly.



The police-officer announced that he came in search of one Agricola, who had been seen by the eyes of the police entering the hotel, and, as he had not come out again, was supposed to be still there. No logic can equal a policeman's in drawing such conclusions.

Adrienne, like a well-bred young lady, dissembled her agitation, and contented herself with the remark: "Let them search everywhere. I don't care a pin!"

It is a general rule, that when you say: "I don't care a pin!" you really mean, that you care a great deal more than you like to admit.

Talk vaguely of a green cashmere to a lady who piques herself on her taste, or of a red portfolio to a deputy who calls himself incorruptible, and both will be sure to answer: "I don't care a pin for it!" but the very day that you enter seriously on the question, be it red or green, you will find that their opinions have undergone a considerable change.

All this belongs to the high school of diplomacy, according to Bilboquet.

The fact is, that Adrienne was very much agitated! but she reckoned that they would not ferret out Agricola from the rat's hole in which she had [illegible] without her host.

The rat's-hole became a rat-trap for the unhappy locksmith.

Adrienne knew not that the eyes of the police can see into the darkest corners, [illegible] eyes are [illegible] with blue spectacles; so that the police-officer had not been prying about [illegible] ten minutes, before he smelt out the retreat of the unfortunate [illegible]. Immediately, a municipal guard

was called in, and proceeded at once to pull Agricola from the hole in which he had been confined for the last few hours.

We must say, to the honor of Dagobert's son, that he made a resistance worthy of the Old Guard, before he surrendered; but the municipal was a cunning fellow, who knew how to deal with any pair of boots.

Agricola, who had not quite attained to the sublime sentiments of the Old Guard, did not die—but surrendered.

I leave you to imagine the joy of the family-council, which was still sitting, when this new scandal was added to the list of Adrienne's offences.

And we must confess that, at first sight, it appears somewhat serious.

You might excuse her having, in her bed-room, gigantic *pastilles*, pots of sweet-smelling flowers, or even that bulbous plant, the *crinum amabile;* but to have a young man called Agricola under her bed, was really a little caprice that passes all the limits of a young lady's botany.

After this new incident, which added so greatly to her strength, the Jesuitess returned to the room, casting a glance of intelligence at her confederates, as much as to say: "We may venture to strike the blow."

This blow consisted in shutting up Adrienne; but the difficulty was, how to get her away without her knowing it, and carry her to a *house of health,** so called because it is full of sick people.

It was Doctor Baleinier who undertook to manage the affair. You must know, that this fat Jesuit had always pretended to take Adrienne under his protection; it was therefore to him that the innocent young girl addressed herself, in order to obtain his patronage for Agricola.

Oh, young girls! young girls! you will always be deceived in one way or the other—but, more often, in the other way!

As there are still important social ameliorations to be brought about in this delicate matter, it is to be hoped that Mr. Eugene Sue will one day devote eight or ten volumes to the subject. If one is a philanthropical romance-writer, one must accomplish one's divine mission, both for the world and the circulating libraries.

What pleasure is equal to that of performing a good action in ten volumes, particularly when the editor of a newspaper gives you a hundred

* *Maison de Sante*—what we should call an *asylum.*

thousand francs as the reward of virtue. Mr. de Monthyon would not be so generous.

Doctor Baleinier was the physician of a minister. Adrienne begged him to apply to this personage, and to take her with him to tell the story.

The doctor offered to introduce her immediately, and Adrienne, hardly giving herself time to put on her bonnet, adorned with a light plume of fea

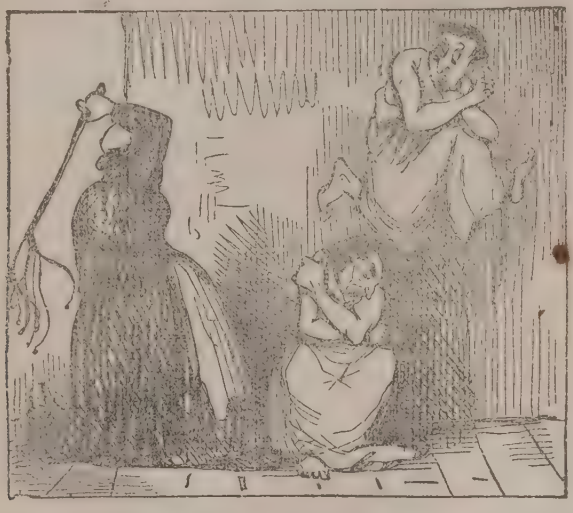
thers, prepared, with the greatest simplicity, to accompany this huge rascal of a Baleinier.

After that, have any confidence in your doctor! It is enough, on my honor, to disgust one with the very apothecaries!

A DOCTOR'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

The night was dark—it is a general rule, that, whenever anything extraordinary happens to young girls, it is always at night. The doctor's carriage stopped before a plain-looking entrance, and our cunning Jesuit, seeing that Mademoiselle Adrienne would think it rather humble for the residence of a minister, assured her that, since the revolution of July, our ministers are wont to practise the strictest economy, and only cost the state twelve thousand francs a year. Once safely housed in a gloomy-looking antechamber, the doctor told her that he must go and inform his friend the minister of their arrival. Being left alone, the young girl heard strange noises. It appeared to her as if they were dancing the Polka in all the adjoining rooms, and uttering piercing cries that do not at all belong to the school of

Mr. Cellarius. Mademoiselle de Cardoville was frightened, and began to call out for assistance. Alas! she had no idea of the sort of person that was



to come to her aid. A dreadful hag, armed with cat-o'-nine-tails, came to make the acquaintance of the perfidious Baleinier's new boarder. At sight of this horrible apparition, Adrienne, who liked nothing but what was pretty, turned away her head, calling out: "*Help! help!*" louder than ever, which only brought two more of a similar kind, armed with the same instrument, invented originally for beating carpets, but applied by philanthropic doctors to the backs of their patients. All these women, imagining they had to do with a raving lunatic, thought there could be nothing more proper than to confine her in a *strait-waistcoat*, another invention of the most philanthropic and soothing tendency.

The unfortunate young girl felt her hair stand on end with horror. It was the only consolation left her under these circumstances. Once bound

and gagged, Adrienne remained quiet, and the doctor of the establishment rubbed his hands, saying: "Here is the commencement of my cure."

The next morning, the fat Jesuit came to visit Adrienne, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, and said to her with the most affectionate air, as

if he had just dropped in to see her, in the splendid boudoir of the hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Germain: "Well, my sweet girl! how have we passed the night?"

Oh, the Jesuit! the Jesuit! Did you ever hear of such an enormous Jesuit?

HOW ALL THE HEADS IN THE DAGOBERT FAMILY WERE TURNED TOPSY-TURVY.

If from the mad-house we transport ourselves to the Rue Brise-Miche, we shall find nothing there at all more calculated to raise our spirits. In fact, if it be possible, matters look still more gloomy in that quarter.

Indeed, if you wish to be the least in character with all the personages you are about to visit, take out your pocket-handkerchief, if only to lend it to Madame Dagobert, or to La Mayeux, or to Rose, or to Blanche, or even to Rabat-Joie, who, dog as he is, has begun to blubber like a calf. This also is a quality peculiar to that fine Northern race.

Papa Dagobert has gone to Chartres, probably on business, as he does not seem epicure enough to have undertaken this journey merely to purchase a Strasburg-pie.

Since Dagobert's departure, every one in the Rue Brise-Miche is in des-

pair: 1stly, because of the arrest of Agricola; 2ndly, because they have no a sous left between them; 3rdly, because the confessor of Madame Dagobert has threatened this aged lady, who is as respectable as she is stupid, with everlasting damnation, if she does not take advantage of her husband's absence, and put Rose and Blanche into a convent to finish their religious education, which, indeed, the old Grenadier had quite forgotten to begin.

Well, one cannot think of everything, and the old fellow is very excusable for this little neglect, since, in bringing the orphans from Siberia, a distance of eight hundred leagues, he could hardly find time to take them a short cut through the catechism.

It is again by a manœuvre of Rodin's, who wishes to shut up the daughters of Marshal Simon as closely as Mademoiselle de Cardoville, that Madame Dagobert's confessor insists so much on placing these young girls in a convent.

It seems to me, that Mother Dagobert was the person who ought to have been boxed up—in her quality of an *old muff*.

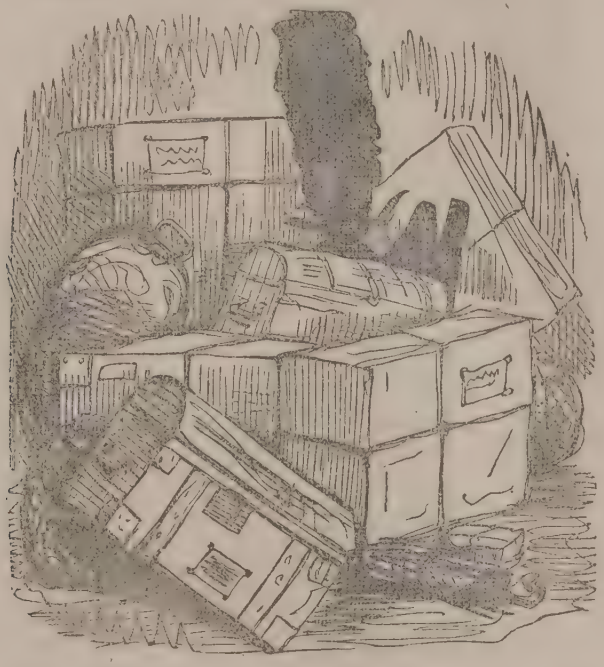
And take notice, if you please, that all these manœuvres, which I do not hesitate to pronounce in the highest degree improper, are carried on solely on account of that famous medal.

Bless my heart! if you have a medal in your drawer, I should advise you to throw it away immediately; you do not know to what disagreeable consequences it may hereafter expose you. It makes one shudder to think of it!

Therefore, we will not think of it at all.

For the first time in her life, Madame Dagobert makes an effort to resist the will of her confessor, for she knows that her husband loves Rose and Blanche more than his moustaches, more than his jack-boots, more than even his grenadier's cap—and so, in the midst of her uncertainties, the good woman can decide upon nothing, except to cry, and to cry again!

But now a messenger arrives suddenly, in the somewhat swampy apartment of the Dagobert family. He brings a letter from the old Grenadier, announcing that he has lost his purse, and that he is kept in pawn for his fare, with the luggage, in the office of Lafitte's diligence.



In consequence, Dagobert requests his family to come and take him out of pledge, considering that the company of carpet-bags and oyster-barrels is by no means suitable to a man who respects himself.

Alas! alas! at these sad news Mother Dagobert begins to cry *double*. Not a farthing in the house, and a husband *up the spout*. This really is a social position which I am tempted to describe as *quite a stunner*.

Luckily, La Mayeux has an idea, which is to go and ask her *uncle*, who lives in the Rue Blancs-Manteaux, to lend her some fifteen francs.

She knows, that this excellent relation never refuses any such little service, provided you give him fifteen times the value of the loan as security, and to pay him twelve per cent. And, when you wish to free yourself from the obligation, you are expected to show your *gratitude*.*

The young woman therefore trudges off (hump and all) in the direction of the pawnbroker's abode, after she has packed up three petticoats, a pair of boots, a plated spoon, an old umbrella, and all the other precious articles that she happens to lay her hands on.

But as La Mayeux is trotting along with her parcel, suddenly, and still

* *Reconnaissance*—the pawnbroker's ticket.

at the instigation of the Jesuits, the poor little hunchback is seized by a police-officer, who considers she has the *bump of thieving*—a horrible mistake, for which you must ask an explanation of Bilboquet, who will tell you that policemen are by means equal to gendarmes.

Less fortunate than the illustrious quack, the unhappy Mayeux is hurried off to prison, and does not once stop by the way. She is completely in for it!

The Jesuits imagined, that if Dagobert could not get money to pay his fare, the old fellow would remain to all eternity in the office of the diligence.

But not at all! Full of confidence in his good looks and his shabby great-coat, the clerk, who was getting tired of him, allows him to walk off, and our man comes himself to the Rue Brise-Miche, to look for the money he had been so long expecting. But hardly has he climbed the stairs,

when another messenger comes to fetch him to the assistance of poor Mayeux, who has been taken before the magistrate.

In his rage, Dagobert hardly gives himself time to knock down his grenadier's cap over his eyes, before running to explain to the officers

of justice, that La Mayeux, far from being a thief, is the most virtuous young woman in the Rue Brise-Miche.

The magistrate hastens to release La Mayeux, the spoon, the boots, and the umbrella; then he gives what in official language is called a *regular dressing* to the policeman who had been rash enough to arrest,

on such slight grounds, a perfectly innocent young woman. Afterwards, no doubt, this very policeman, thus disavowed in public, was privately congratulated by the magistrate, who said to him: "Go on! go on! take up as many as you like. We can always keep some."

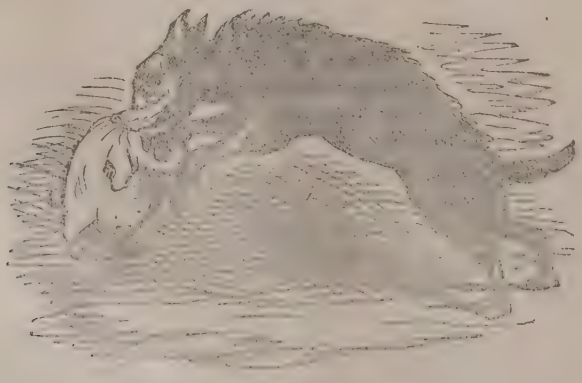
Whilst Dagobert was thus redeeming La Mayeux and his boots, the Jesuits did not lose their time;' and seeing it was all up, unless they made haste, they sent to Madame Dagobert the confidential woman of the Princess de Saint-Dizier, Madame Grivois, who came to ask for Rose and Blanche in the name of the confessor, to take them to the convent for the sake of their lasting felicity.

Madame Dagobert cannot resist this last attack, and, when she hears of eternal flames, she burns with the desire to send off Rose and Blanche to the pious abode prepared for them. Only, see the cunning of that old Jesuitess, Madame Grivois! she makes the young girls believe, that she is taking them to one of the relations of their father, Marshal Simon.

Rabat-Joie, finding that they are going to pay a family visit, insists on being of the party, and obstinately follows Rose and Blanche. He even resolves to ride in the hackney-coach. But, as Madame Grivois turns him out very unpolitely, he follows the carriage with that intelligence so often found in the fine Greenland race—a country, by the way, in which there are no dogs except bears.

Meanwhile, our two poor young girls are delivered into the hands of their enemies!

Be comforted, however! I have still good hope. If Rabat-Joie has fol



rowed the coach through the mud, like a vulgar dog, it is that he has an idea of his own. He is ruminating over something—so let him ruminate. Meanwhile, he indulges in the little whim of strangling that frightful cur of Madame Grivois. We will not give a single tear to its memory!

Dagobert's day has been sufficiently checkered with emotions, but there are yet more terrible ones in store for him on his return to the Rue Brise-Miche!

Hardly has he opened the door, when he opens his arms also, to press to his heart the two daughters of Marshal Simon. But it is in vain to open his arms, when even Rabat-Joie himself does not come to rush against his legs.

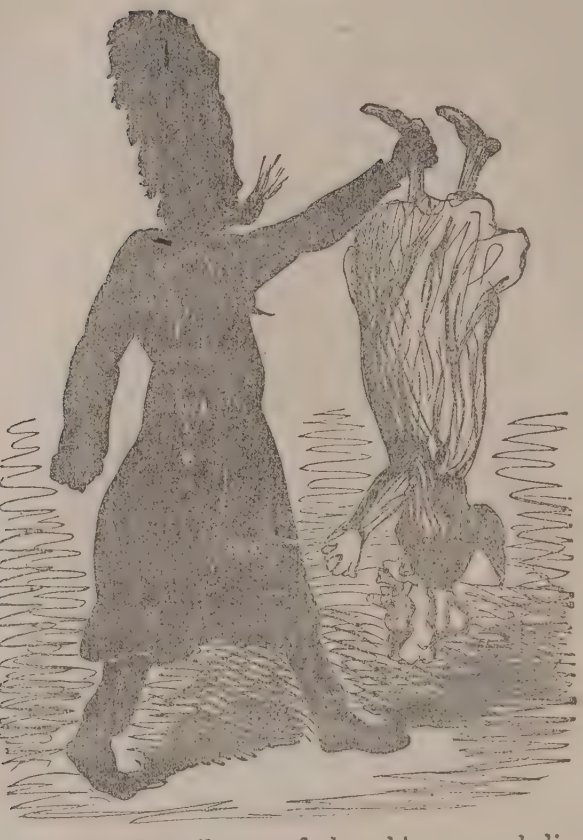
Furious, and suspecting some treachery, Dagobert, whose head begins to turn, turns his wife topsy-turvy, and gazing fixedly at her, says to her, in his roughest voice: "What have you done with Rose and Blanche?"

Mother Dagobert, at this terrible and unexpected question, crosses her hands like a wooden saint, and maintains an obstinate silence, according to the orders of her confessor.

Dagobert, availing himself of all the rights of the imperial code, as interpreted by the Horse-Grenadiers, shakes his wife in first-rate style, but not a word can he shake out of her!

Our man, seeing that he can get nothing from so taciturn a woman, resolves to apply to the magistrate with whom he has lately made so agreeable an acquaintance, that he may employ the authority of his official seal, to get back the two stolen articles in question.

The magistrate, surprised at this singular abduction, and still more sur



prised at the doubly singular silence of the old woman, believes, at first,

that Dagobert has just come from the tavern, and is about to say to him: "My fine fellow, you have had a drop too much."

But Dagobert sticks so well to his text, and gives such precise details, that the magistrate summons Madame Dagobert, and proceeds to question her. Nothing but silence! He questions her again; the same answer. Then he decides upon arresting this good lady, that the law-officers of the Crown may look into the affair.

Let us now recapitulate all the persons put into confinement in the course of this volume: Agricola, Adrienne de Cardoville, La Mayeux, Rose, Blanche, Dagobert, and his wife!

Is that all? I think I must have forgotten some of them.

I hope you have enough of arrests, and one may well say there is nothing so contagious as example; for, hearing of all these, I feel an irresistible desire to *arrest* the course of my narrative.

Therefore, I stop! (*Je m'arrete!*)

END OF THE THIRD PART.

PART IV.

THE QUEEN BACCHANAL.

The sight of so many misfortunes in the Rue Brise-Miche breaks my heart. It is the hour of breakfast, and I weep like a young bullock, so that I feel a want of consolation, which leads me quite naturally to the sign of the *Sucking Calf*.

Heavens! what a deuce of a row!

The square of the Châtelet is invaded by the maskers from the Prado, and from the other *rural* balls in every quarter of Paris.

There are Turks from the Rue Mouffetard.

And Marquises from the Faubourg St. Antoine.

And Spaniards from the Quai de la Ferraille.

And Chinese from the Faubourg St Marceau.

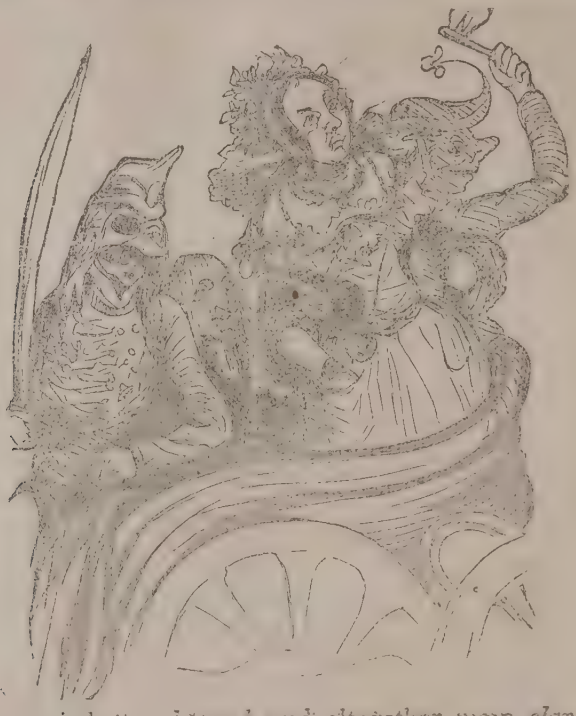
And Shepherdesses from the Rue Pierre-Lescot.

And Harlequins from the Rue aux Féves.

Everywhere nothing is to be seen but faded ribbons, flowers of the same, faces ditto, worn out satins, cotton velvet, false lace, spangles, tinsel, and crudities and nudities enough to disgust a provincial gendarme; as for the Municipal Guard of Paris, it has long been used to such things.

And Clowns and Columbines, chattering like magpies, inform us that the masquerade, which has just made its appearance, is that of the Queen Bacchanal.

And Marchionesses of Pompadour from the Carré St. Martin.



This new troop is better dressed, and altogether more *slap-up* than the others—being composed of very respectable people.

First we have Cephyse Bacchanal, ex-scompstress, and sister of La Mayeux.

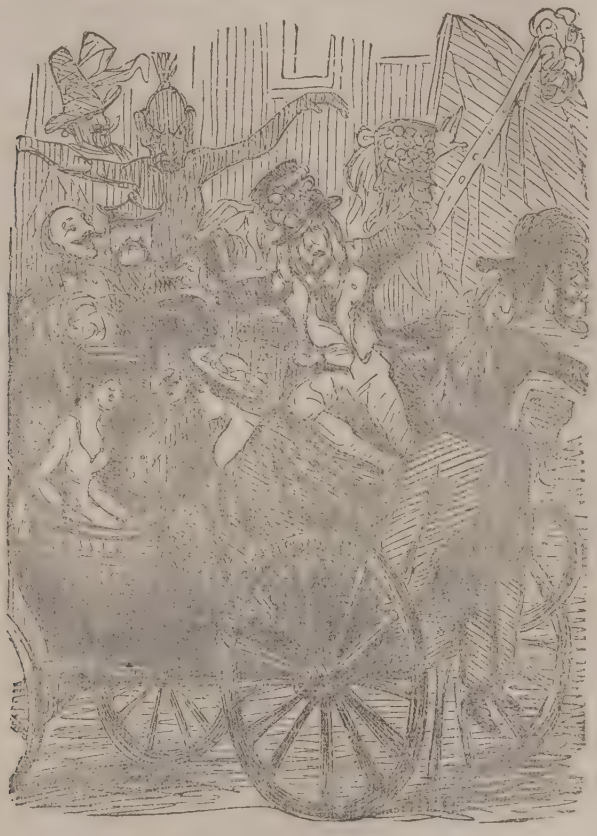
Then we have COUCHE-TOUT-NU, ex-blacksmith, and jolly companion.

Then NINI-MOULIN, who has been a student for twenty years.

Then ROSE-POMPON, *female-student* in law, medicine, and I don't know what beside.

Then the FLAMBARDS—the CHICARDS—the BALOCHARDS—the TORTILLARDS—all peers of France in the bud, tinmen, referendaries, shoemakers, &c., &c.

"Make way for the Queen Bacchanal and her court!" cries the popu-



lace, and the royal procession advances; first come four hack-horses, dragging along a hired landau; in this landau, the sovereign of the day smiling on her people, offers her hand, and sings the *Mere Gaudichon*, with that grace which appertains to kings, so long as they *are* kings.

Then four other gaunt steeds draw the carriage of Couche-tout-Nu, husband of the Queen, a robust and alert fellow, as well becomes his office—a flattering type of the Parisian, mocking, joking, chattering, *larking*, taking his fill of pleasure, and *keeping it up* till all is blue!

He is cunningly disguised, in order to cheat his creditors, who prove however, that they are more cunning than he.

There also is Nini-Moulin, in antique fancy-dress—a Roman helmet, surmounted by a feather-brush—and Rose Pompon, who has exchanged the trade of fringe-making for that of *taking sights*.

Four horses more, drawing another carriage, complete the number of twelve jades in harness

It is magnificent! overpowering! *'splendacious!*

The Queen Bacchanal looks round, and seems to say: "It is always with new pleasure that I receive the expression of good sentiments of my populace!"

Suddenly, those eyes, all sparkling with joy and gaiety, meet the sad and tearful gaze of La Mayeux.

"My sister!" cried Cephyse, which was the nick-name that the Queen Bacchanal received at her birth; "my sister!"—and light as a rope-dancer, which she resembled both in air and dress, she sprang from the landau into the arms of the poor hunchback.

Readers, blow your noses! it is becoming dreadfully pathetic. You will weep presently like so many water-spouts.

"Come!" said Cephyse to La Mayeux. "Come to the *Sucking Calf!* There are private rooms to be had there, as I well know. Come, and we will talk over our little matters."

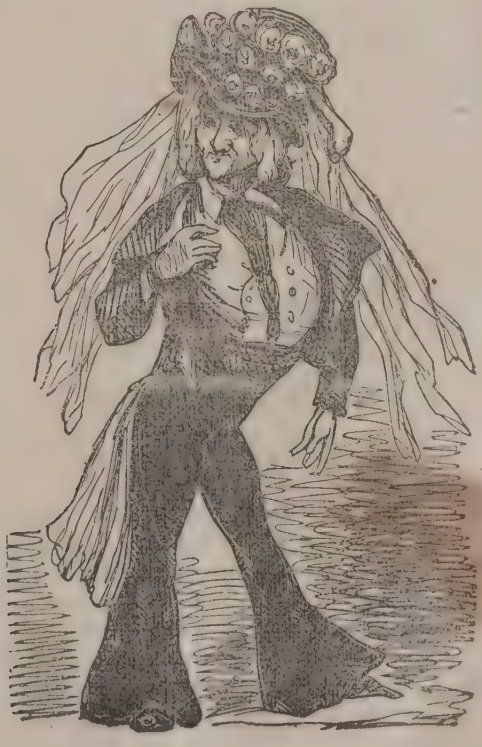
"My poor sister!" she continued; "what a figure you are! how pale you look! how thin you are! you don't eat your fill, whilst I eat a great deal more. Ah! it is dreadful! Perhaps you despise me?"

"Not at all; how can you think of such a thing? I despise you! quite the contrary, bless your heart! Did not Providence give you a soul above cabbages? And when Nature bestowed on you a warm, ardent blood, a lively character, and all that sort of thing, do you think that she intended you to be an honest woman? No, no! do not accuse destiny! It was necessary for the celestial harmonies that there should be a Queen Bacchanal, with all her rout, her fancy-dances, and the devil to pay. Who could have invented the dance of the *Full-blown Tulip*, if thou, O noble sister! hadst not been what thou art!

"Besides, what has society done for thee? Nothing. If it had only given thee forty sous a day!"

"Oh! that would be very different. Forty sous a day would have calmed the ardor of my blood, and satisfied my taste for pleasure. Heavens! what a virtuous girl I should be, if society had but given me forty sous a day!"

Passing from this socialist theory to practice, Cephyse relates, without winking, to her very modest sister, who listens to her with the same coolness, the story of her somewhat *irregular* life, her extravagances, her changing lovers, and a number of equally edifying things. At this moment, in comes Couche-tout-Nu, who, after the usual civilities between well-bred



persons, asks after his friend Agricola. La Mayeux relates the misfortunes of the Dagobert dynasty, and how, for want of five hundred francs bail, Agricola has remained in *quod*.

Couche-tout-Nu immediately strips himself (don't be afraid, ladies!) of his purse, which contains thirty napoleons.

La Mayeux accepts it, and makes a curtsey.

But the subjects of the Queen Bacchanal are singing the *Marseillaise*, stamping with their feet, and asking aloud for her majesty.

"Dash my wig!" says the queen, with emotion, "my people might make a revolution, and smash all the glass and china, if I were not to show myself. So kiss me, and be off!"

La Mayeux extends her arms, embraces her sister, weeps, blows her nose, and goes out by the private staircase, to avoid the homage of the public.

She flies to the Rue de Babylone, to the pavilion occupied my Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville.

Why?

Reader, you will know all in time. Only, go on! go on!

At the same moment, three well-dressed gentlemen—one in a tawny colored, hairy coat, with large bone buttons, red trousers, and a big stick,

The second, in a blue roquelaire, with three capes, and a big stick;

And the third in a suit that once was green, with a collar that once was velvet, and a big stick;

These three gentlemen now amounted to four, since another had joined them, (also with a big stick,) and said to them: "He is there!"

"Are you sure?"

"More than sure!"

Cephyse drinks like a trooper, and excites her people with voice and gesture.

And her people, docile as all good people ought to be, respond to the summons of their queen, and drink with the energy of one man.

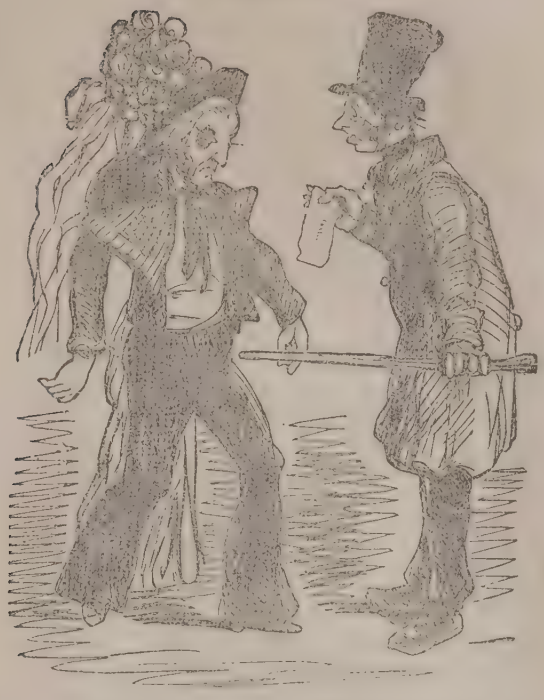
Nini-Moulin becomes profound, Couche-tout-Nu melancholy, Rose Pompon sentimental—in a word, each follows his fancy, but all are more or less *drunk*.

A waiter approaches Couche-tout-Nu, and whispers two words in his ear; Couche-tout-Nu *cuts his stick*. The same waiter comes back to whisper something to Cephyse, who utters a cry, and *mizzles* like a falling star.

Couche-tout-Nu has become the prey of one of the cudgel-bearers tha we saw just now. He is *grabbed*, which means, in common parlance, *taken up, put into limbo*.

The four cudgel-bearers were so many bailiffs, and the poor *cove* was *hooked in* for a bill of exchange for 10,000 francs, the date of which he had forgotten to put down in his pocket-book. Cephyse sheds no end of tears, promises to reform, embraces her lover, swears fidelity to him, and gives him her blessing; and then the unfortunate fellow is conducted to a badly-furnished hotel, where there is nothing to pay for lodging.

Whilst these *low-life* events are taking place, La Mayeux has gone to the pavilion of the Rue de Babylone, where she has found Florine, a lady's-maid sold to the Jesuits, and one that has basely betrayed her mistress and benefactress. Florine, this ungrateful wretch, has of course *an excellent heart*; she says an abundance of kind things to La Mayeux, and sends her to ask for work at a convent.



By the way, I do not know when La Mayeux finds time to work; for, as you must have remarked, ever since we had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, she has done nothing but run about the streets.

However, that is *her* business, and does not concern us! Let us, then, follow La Mayeux in her peregrinations, unlessindeed we get out of breath.

By a providential accident, the convent is precisely the one that contains the two little Simons—by a second chance, not less providential, it is next door to the mad-house in which Mademoiselle de Cardoville is confined—and by a third chance, as providential as the other two, La Mayeux, who is crying and snivelling at the window, sees Rose and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who are having a little bit of chat through the bars; but a nun soon makes her appearance, and poor little Rose, whose eyes, already swollen with crying, is snubbed and taken away in no time.

La Mayeux comes down into the court, and has, in her turn, a little *natter* with Adrienne, whom she favors with some double-distilled fine phrases; so that Mademoiselle de Cardoville is lost in astonishment at beholding such treasures of intelligence contained in so ugly a casket.

On her side, La Mayeux was in extacy, at meeting with so much good-

ness combined with so much red hair. In short, these two excellent creatures become suddenly the most intimate friends. Mademoiselle de Cardoville gives La Mayeux a talisman, in the shape of a ring, which the latter is to deliver to Agricola, in order that he may deliver it to Mr. de Montbron, who will know what it all means. Now I should just like to be in the place of Mr. de Montbron!

La Mayeux begins to cry again, and cuts away from the convent. At the door, she overhears the fatal projects of the porter and the gardener, who propose to shoot any thief who may come to visit them, and she flies to put Dagobert on his guard. You will observe, by way of parenthesis, that, if the tale does not *make much way*, La Mayeux certainly *does*. Unfortunate La Mayeux! she would beat the winning horse at Chantilly!

But she has not gone ten steps in the street, when she runs against Dagobert, with his worthy son at his heels.

That was another chance; but chance plays a great part in this history, and our heroes are rather *soft* to be astonished at anything.

I am astonished at nothing; and I beg you to imitate the firmness of my character.

To come to the point, La Mayeux says to the old man: "The little girls are found."

"Bah!" says the old fellow.

"And the great girl is found," says she to the young one.

"Bah!" says the latter also.

"Now *are* you in earnest? it's not all a joke?" say the two together, not yet feeling sure of the truth of what they heard.

"Yes; but it is imprudent to talk of these things in the street. Come upon the *Boulevard Mont-Parnasse*."

"But," says the old man, "where are the little ones?"

"In a convent."

"Good! let us go and fetch them."

"Impossible; they are kept in confinement."

"The more reason for taking them out."

"But the law?"

"The law may go whistle!"

"But the police?"

"A mighty deal I care for the police!"

"But how will you manage?"

"What nonsense you talk! I knock at the door, it is opened, I enter I seek, I find, I carry away with me—there is nothing very difficult in that.'

"But the nuns?"

"The nuns know me of old. I've broken into convents before now, in Spain. It was our way."

"Father," said Agricola, much moved, "I respect you infinitely, but you talk like an old *muff*. You may knock, but they will not open the door. What will you do then?"

"I will break it open."

"Well—but the galleys?" said La Mayeux.

"Mayeux—

"'Tis crime that makes the shame, and not the scaffold.'"

"All very true—crime doesn't make the scaffold—I know all that—but——"

"But me no buts!"

"If——"

"I will have no ifs! we will go forward." And Dagobert hastened to door of the convent.

"Father, I follow you!" cried Agricola, and he seized one coat tail of the author of his days; La Mayeux held fast by the other. But Dagobert, blowing like a steam-engine, dragged them along to the door, and grasped the knocker. He was about to strike, when the hunchback exclaimed to him: "Stop, I conjure you! I know a surer, and *consequently* a less uncertain method!"

"What method?" said Dagobert.

"Take this ring, which Mademoiselle de Cardoville gave me, and do you give it to the Count de Montbron."

Certainly," said the old man, "let us try this singular method; it must

nave been invented for some purpose. Besides, as Mademoiselle de Cardoville has done nothing but follies hitherto, there is a chance that she may have done something sensible this time. I accept the ring, and will make haste to try it. If I do not succeed, we shall still be in time for the galleys We meet in the Rue Brise-Miche."

* * * * * * * *

Night is again come, the weather is hideous; the poor hunchback, trembling and freezing, has fallen asleep on a chair, when the old father enters. Alas! the method of Mademoiselle de Cardoville was *all my eye*—which might have been expected, considering the former exploits of that tactician.

Dagobert waits for midnight and his son—for midnight to strike, and his son to lend a hand. Here comes the son; he has tried every legal method; he has implored the commissary, knelt down to the police, thrown himself at the feet of the municipal guard—nothing has succeeded!

In this moment of solemn stupidity, the door creaks on its hinges, and in comes Mother Dagobert, who falls at her husband's feet——

They lift her up, they seat her in an arm-chair, they make much of her,

Dagobert comforts the old woman, and she tells them a thousand horrors of those *rascally Jesuits*, who took her in, and made her do so many conscientious absurdities, of which she repents with all her heart.

She tells how Gabriel became a priest to please her, although she did not wish it, and yet how she wished it to please Gabriel, who did not wish it either; all by the contrivance of these confounded Jesuits. And from one thing to the other, from chalk to cheese as they say, we learn how, by the merest chance, Gabriel has a medal like the little Simons, and Mademoiselle de Cardoville another, and Couche-tout-Nu one of the same sort, and Prince Djalma one exactly similar, so that everybody seems to have one, except myself; and this I find abominably unjust, for I think Providence might have given *me* one, as well as the rest of the world.

You will perhaps explain why you have not one, and your porter, your housekeeper, &c., &c. I see that the destinies will be very much embarrassed to answer. Only, that more medals would be required than are to be found at the Royal Library—where sundry thieves have known how to find some at times.

But, leaving that, let us return to our story. Having exhausted their devices, Dagobert and his son saw nothing left but the galleys. "After all," said they, "we shall be as well off there as anywhere else."—And indeed, in this philanthropic age, one is just as comfortable at the galleys as in the Rue Brise-Miche. I beg to observe, however, that in this I am only stating a theoretical opinion.

Dagobert and his son began to forge a crow-bar.

Then, having embraced each other, and given their mutual blessing, they set out on their expedition.

Arrived at the door, they tried to pick the lock. It was *no go;* it was

Fichet's patent. They wished to break it down, but then it would have been *all up* with them. They resolved, therefore, to proceed by escalade. To attain to their object, and the top of the wall, the papa made a back for his son, who soon found himself astride—on a row of broken bottles——

But not wishing to put his father out of conceit of the enterprise, he stifled the cry which this discovery seemed to provoke, and began to hum the air:

"I love, oh! how I love to ride," &c., &c.

They have reached the court-yard, Mademoiselle de Cardoville does not sleep, she serves them as a direction-post, and points to the cells of Rose and Blanche. They hasten thither.

Whiz! bang!

Two shots, and a cry of "Thieves! help! call the watch!"—a desperate engagement, Rabat-Joie is covered with glory, and——

Reader! we must leave you there for a quarter of an hour. Wait for us under the elm-tree, whilst we take a little turn in the Rue des Oursins. Such *turns* are common in literature—they belong to the highest school of comedy!

Rodin, still dressed in his shabby old coat, with his dirty hat and wig, and all the rest in the same style, chats away with an ex-colonel d'Aigrigny, of whom he is the *sociable*—which is the name given, in the Society of Jesus, to the vagabond usually employed to spy on his superior; and Rodin acquits himself admirably of these delicate functions.

Notwithstanding his *pluck*, Rodin is visibly uneasy, and somewhat bothered.

"What news?" says d'Aigrigny.

"Nothing!"

"Nothing! what then is the use of having at one's disposal seventy-five thousand of *observers*, whom I will not call *spies*, that I may not offend their susceptibility?"

"Shall I read you the report?"

"Yes, read me the report."

"First, then, I must tell you that Morok is here."

"Indeed! I am quite astonished. I had ordered him to go into the South with his beasts, to settle those vile Protestants, who give me so much trouble."

"I don't know how it is—but, at all events, he is here, and means to perform in public."

"How so?"

"The agent of one of our theatres, which has already *bears* enough in its company, has engaged him with all his troop."

"Well, so be it!" said the reverend colonel, shrugging his shoulders. "Read me the copy of the note, which I know very well by heart, but which it is necessary to communicate to the readers of the story."

Here, then, is the original of this document, which I do not fear to pronounce extremely curious:

"This 19th day of February, 1682.—We have just obtained from a dying man the confession of an abominable design. A fellow, named Rennepont, very rich, noble, and honest, whom we had got condemned to the galleys for life, has given us the slip by leaving the world; but a quarter of an hour before his death, he had the indelicacy to cheat our company, who were his heirs by the king appointed, of a house, which he has sold to a friend for 50,000 crowns, which sum is to be paid, with simple and compound interest, 150 years hence, to the descendants of the Rennepont family, of all sorts and sizes. An unknown gentleman, whom we suspect to be the devil in person, has undertaken to deliver to every member of this confounded family, a medal, which invites them to a meeting at the Rue Saint-François, in Paris, on the 13th February, 1832."

At this moment a personage of distinction was shown into the room.

It is a general rule, that you are never allowed quietly to talk over your little affairs; somebody always comes in at the most interesting moment.

This noble stranger is Faringhea the Strangler, who, addressing Rodin,

says to him: "Brother, I am a scoundrel, you are a scoundrel, we are all scoundrels; the affair may be arranged, do you understand?—I know your plan, by a letter I stole, when I killed the bearer; I offer you with pleasure to poison Prince Djalma, who seems to be in your way. Give me my share of the cake, and the thing is done."

"Who are you?"

"Faringhea, an Indian strangler, at your service, if you will honor me with your confidence."

"For what do you take me, fellow?"

"For a Jesuit. We are the Jesuits of India, you are the Stranglers of Europe. We are all brothers of the good work. Let's embrace, and make an end of it."

Rodin, who had recognised at the first glance his brother Faringhea, but

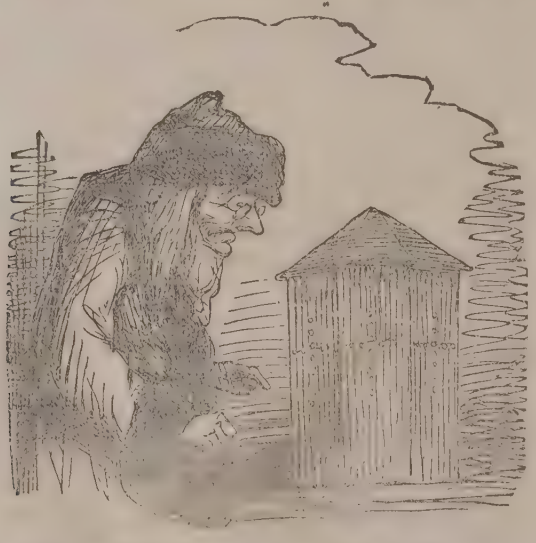
had pretended not to know who he was, was preparing for him a little surprise.

He turns him out, therefore, with the indignation of a man scandalised by the audacity of his propositions, and, on the threshold, Faringhea falls into the hands of Goliah, who takes from him the stolen letter, and delivers it to Rodin.

RUE SAINT-FRANCOIS, No. 3.

In a very poor house,
A very poor man,
With his very poor wife,
Lives as well as he can.

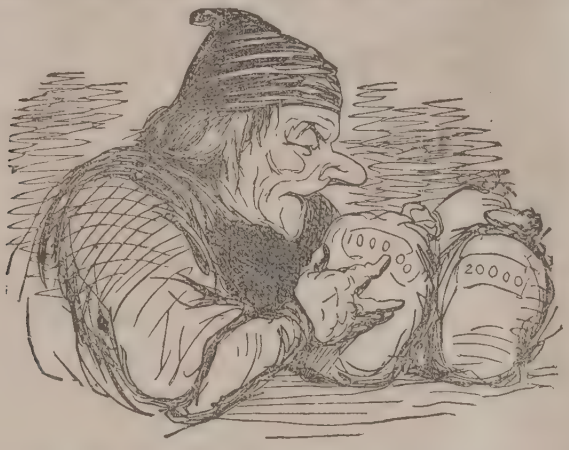
The unfortunate couple were old, old, very old, and Jews, although honest people, and spent their time in counting their money. When I say *their* money, it is my manner of expressing the money that belonged to



others, and which they were charged to place out at interest. Old Rennepont, the renegade, had very well understood, that none but Jews could manage such an affair for the space of 150 years. So these good

people were counting their money in the old house, walled up since the days of Louis XIV.—when suddenly the old man started, for he had just seen a light in the deserted pavilion in the court-yard, which nobody ever visited. He was frightened at first, but as nothing can long disturb a Jew that is counting his money, he began to count over and over again, and found that the 50,000 crowns, committed to the care of his ancestor, had produced TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE MILLIONS, ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FRANCS.

You see that, in good hands, crowns are even more prolific than rabbits.



I have seriously made up my mind, when I read romances in general and the *Wandering Jew* in particular, to be astonished at nothing.

I had even advised you just now to adopt the same method; and yet I confess, these 212 millions stagger me, and I cannot explain to myself by what succession of fortunate investments Monsieur de Rennepont's Jews have attained to so desirable a result.

If banker No. 1, who received the 50,000 crowns in the first instance, had invested them in asphalt, or other inventions, or in any joint-stock company, the chances are, that the unfortunate heirs, who came at the end of a hundred and fifty years to No. 3, Rue Saint-François, would just have been their omnibus-fare out of pocket.

But asphalt and joint-stock companies were not invented in the year 1640; and, moreover, it is very lucky that Monsieur de Rennepont's trustee did not place the money in the public funds, for the ledger of the state having dwindled down to a small 32mo, in consequence of a variety of reductions to the detriment of the public creditor, it follows, that it was not by this operation that 50,000 crowns grew into 212 millions of francs.

I suppose that the agents of Monsieur de Rennepont must have dealt in rabbit-skins to a vast extent, as that seems to be the most lucrative mode of investment.

You will see, before the end of the book, that these pretended Jews were nothing but Auvergnats!

If it could amuse the least in the world, I would give you the account current of the 212 millions in question, with all the *debits* and *credits*; but you might not attach *credit* to my statement, so I had better hold my tongue.

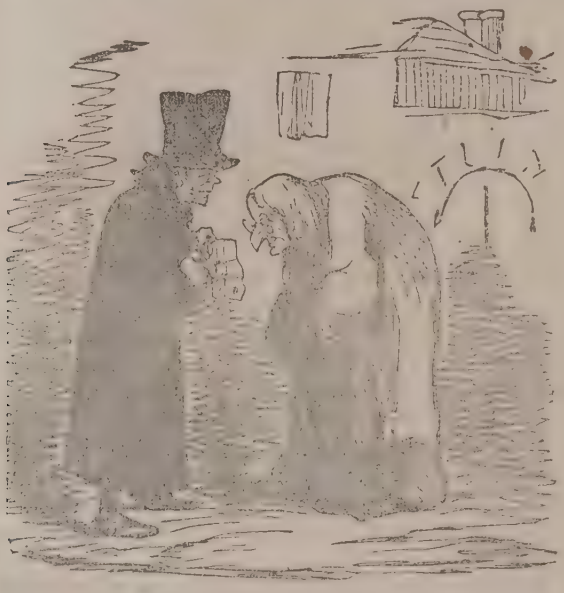
The fact is, the old Jew had 212 millions in his money-box, and that the money-box was to be broken open on the 13th February, 1832!

I must tell you that, besides the treasure, the old Jew had received in charge an old house, with orders not to open the windows for 150 years, which makes me think that the heirs of Rennepont will inherit, along with their millions, an enormous multitude of spiders—even though their ancestor should only have shut up a couple in his bed-chamber; for spiders multiply much faster than crown-pieces.

The old Jew waits impatiently for the arrival of the heirs, who have had their appointment to meet for the last century and a half, and, as his watch shows ten minutes after ten, he already complains of their want of punctuality and politeness.

In fact, when one has waited for 150 years, it becomes rather tiresome, and we grudge to give them ten minutes' grace.

I am sure you have guessed who is the first heir at the place of meeting;



it is Rodin, with a lawyer's letter in his hand.

But Rodin does claim in his own right; he comes as the guardian of young Gabriel, who repairs mechanically to the Rue Saint-Francois, without knowing how many millions are waiting to fly into his mouth!

In other respects, we are happy to do justice to this Gabriel. He is a good young man, with an excellent countenance, and not at all like Mr. Hyacinthe of the *Varieties*, as he was when he appeared in Rose and Blanche in their dream.

Now, what is about to happen in the Rue Saint-Francois? Will they break open the money-box, or will they let it alone?

That is what you may learn in the course of another month.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

PART V.

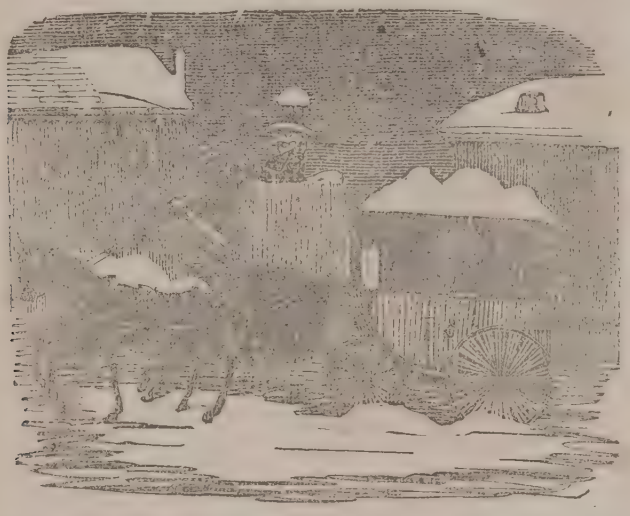
THE HOUSE IN THE RUE SAINT-FRANCOIS.

Take notice! after four volumes of expectation, eighteen months of advertisements, and a year of preparation, here we are at No. 3, in the Rue Saint-François, to open both the *house* and the *will*.

It was quite time; but we have lost nothing by waiting. The place is really a delightful one.

What a garden! with carrots, cultivated for a century and a half by a Jewish family, and, like the fortune of the Renneponts, multiplied to millions.

Rodin arrives first at this promised land; but, besides the heirs, several



bricklayers' laborers are expected, to unwall the doors of the house. They had been ordered to be in readiness some hundred and fifty years ago, by the late Mr. de Rennepont, the wonderful man who thought of everything.

Whilst they are occupied in uncovering the mysterious door, Rodin proceeds to catechise Gabriel, a fine, tall, good lad, fair, and somewhat *soft*.

He does not know that he is one of the heirs—he does not know that he is related to the little Simons, or to the red-haired patrician, or to Prince Djalma, or to the honorable Couche-tout-Nu; in fact he knows nothing, and less than nothing.

But Rodin, fearing that he may be less stupid than he looks, asks him if he knows why they have brought him to the Rue Saint-François.

"I don't know," replies Gabriel.

"But what did Mother Dagobert tell you yesterday?" asks Rodin.

"I can't say," replies Gabriel.

Colonel d'Aigrigny arrives at this moment, and says: "My dear son, I

have put you into disgrace, I have refused to hear you; but I must tell you I did it all for your good."

"Thank you!" replies Gabriel.

By this time the bricklayer's men have unwalled the door, and yet hesitate to go, because they hope to enjoy the spectacle, promised through four volumes in octavo, and anxiously expected by the 25,000 subscribers to the *Constitutionnel.*

But the Jew turns them out, and, having sent them about their business, opens the mysterious door. He cannot but weep in thinking of his ancestor, whom he never had the advantage of knowing.

Arrived at the famous *Red Saloon*, he opens this second and still more mysterious door, and finds—yes, he finds—what?—a *little piece of paper!*

And on this paper is written: "My will must be read here; the other apartments are to remain closed, so as to reserve another little surprise for the 25,000 subscribers to the *Constitutionnel.*"

A ray of the sun falls on two magnificent portraits. The one is a woman, with locks of *undulating* gold, and sparkling *sapphire* eyes, and *fatal* glance, and *dilated* nostril—not to speak of a bitter smile, bare shoulders, and a long train to her gown. The other is a man, who wears his black mantle nobly. His countenance is remarkable for the *powerful* and *severe* lines traced upon it, and for its admirable expression of resignation, of hope, of grief, of love, of goodness, and of all sorts of joy. Black hair, black beard, black eye-brows; and the latter extending, in one black line, from ear to ear!

And now Samuel summons the company, and the will is read by the notary as follows:

"*The 13th February*, 1682.

"When all is lost, death is sweet as sugar-candy. I am going to try it. But by the advice of a *friend*, whom I have only seen twice in my life, I will first make provision for my family.

"I will leave to my relations the sum of 150,000 francs, payable on the 13th February, 1832.

"This may seem rather long to wait, but time very quickly passes.

"By the way—I must tell you that my grandfather was a Catholic, but, having had some words with the Jesuits, he turned Protestant. My father also got into difficulties about his religious opinions, and would have been hanged, had it not been for the aid of a charming woman, who saved him from this disagreeable catastrophe.

"The portraits of the two friends of my family are placed in the *Red Saloon.*"

Gabriel turned round to look at the portraits in question. As he caught sight of that of the woman, he uttered a cry of terror.

In his place, perhaps, I should have done the same!

But his fear did not arise from the cause you suppose. The charming woman in the picture exactly resembled another charming woman, who had once put to flight a whole horde of savages, that were just about to breakfast on the young missionary.

At the cry of Gabriel, the notary stopped short. But, upon an observation from Rollin, he resumed the reading of the will, which in this place had a strong tendency to *socialism.* When it was finished, Samuel announced that he was ready to pay over to the rightful heir the small sum

of TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE MILLIONS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTIMES.

The clock struck twelve, and Samuel counted the strokes on his ten fingers.

"Twelve!" cried Rodin, and laid his claws on the casket.

Then the notary said, in a slightly agitated voice—for he inherited nothing, this poor notary!—"In the name of the law, Mr. Gabriel is the heir, according to the wil of the testator—and Mr. d'Aigrigny pockets the *blunt*, according to the will of the legatee."

At this moment a noise was heard in the garden, and up came that devil of a Dagobert, with his son Agricola, to spoil the sport.

At sight of Dagobert, Rodin threw himself upon the casket, and, for the first time in his life, perhaps, quitted the fox's skin, to appear as a roaring lion!

Let us do him the justice to say, that he did not become more handsome by the change.

But that was not all. The company was still more astonished when they saw the *charming woman*, the original of the old picture before described, make her appearance in the midst of them. She came to deliver to the notary a codicil of Rennepont's will, putting off the distribution of the inheritance to the 1st of June!

There was a surprise!

You will, perhaps, enquire the reason of this singular codicil? It was, that Mr. de Rennepont had clearly foreseen that this renewal of interest would correspond with a renewal of the subscription to the *Constitutionnel*.

He was a strange man, that Rennepont!—he thought of everything!

THE PROTECTOR.

We are now in the house of a green-grocer, in the Rue de Clovis, where a strange old man buys radishes for breakfast, and goes to eat them mysteriously in a little garret, which he has hired for that purpose.

A man who eats radishes for breakfast, must be a Jesuit. Accordingly, we find it is our old friend Rodin, who has come here to read his letters from Rome quietly to himself, because in his other dwelling, the *Constitutions of the Order* oblige him always to keep his door wide open.

With such *constitutions*, I should think the Jesuits must always have colds in the head.

Since I knew this secret, I cannot hear a man sneeze in the street, without saying: "There goes one of those rascally Jésuits!"

In this same Rue Clovis, at this same green-grocer's, lives the pretty little Rose Pompon, who, when she has nothing better to do, amuses herself with a bit of fun at Rodin's expense.

But now Rodin is in the fulness of his joy, for he is reading his letters from Rome, and finds that he is appointed over the head of d'Aigrigny, to manage the affair of the Rennepont inheritance. In future, instead of having horses devoured by panthers, &c., he will appear as the protector of all the oppressed, like a veritable Don Quixote. He flies to deliver Mademoiselle de Cardoville—he makes a rough attack on the astounded Doctor Baleinier—he tells the young lady how she is entitled to a whole heap of millions, of which d'Aigrigny has wished to cheat her—and then

he delivers a series of such very *queer* discourses, corresponding so perfectly with her own very *odd* ideas, that he appears to her a personification of all the virtues—in fact, another La Mayeux, in a black gown and a red wig.

END OF PART THE FIFTH.

PART VI.

THE ARRIVAL OF MARSHAL SIMON.

We left Mademoiselle de Cardoville in extacies with Rodin the saint. At this moment La Mayeux makes her appearance, and with her the fair patrician goes through a course of equality and fraternity.

Rodin too pays his compliments to the poor girl. He pronounces the name of Agricola; and, at the adored sound, La Mayeux starts and blushes.

"All right!" says the old villain. "I have the sow by the ear!"

In fact the poor girl was platonically *in love*.

Rodin was about to leave the room, when he was caught by the throat by Dagobert, in the most unpleasant manner imaginable.

But Mademoiselle de Cardoville hastened to explain, that this gentleman was a particular friend, who had brought back to Dagobert his cross and the papers taken from him by Morok.

At sight of his cross, Dagobert thought himself bound to embrace Rodin —and he had the courage to do it!

Oh! that heroic Old Guard!

As Rodin has found his cross, there is no reason why he should not also find the lost daughters of Marshal Simon. Accordingly, Dagobert sends him to look for them.

But now Marshal Simon himself appears; and, as Dagobert has expected his arrival for the last fifteen years, he is naturally much astonished a seeing him.

On learning that his children are not to be found, the marshal would have broken Dagobert's head with his staff, if the excellent Mademoiselle de Cardoville had not interposed. Then the marshal began to *blubber*, and the old grenadier did the same, and Mademoiselle de Cardoville followed their example. As for La Mayeux, she had been at it for the last five minutes.

Privately informed of all this weeping, the prefect of police dreaded an inundation of the Seine—when, lo! Rodin again made his appearance, dragging the twin-sisters along with him.

Astonished at Rodin's active benevolence, every one exclaims: "he is an angel!"

And, in the first moment of joy, nobody thinks of asking now an angel comes to be so deucedly ugly!

THE INDIAN AT PARIS.

Let us now return to Prince Djalma, who has lived for a month at Paris, in the midst of luxury, in a little house furnished for him by Mademoiselle de Cardoville, but who finds his time hang very heavy on his hands, because his anonymous benefactress has made him promise that he will see nobody.

His only amusement, therefore, is to smoke his pipe, whilst Faringhea drives away the flies that [illegible] on his nose. Rodin, indeed, is allowed to pay him a visit [illegible] and always finds him yawning to a fearful extent.

But Rodin tells him, that he must remain quiet for two months longer, or he will run the risk of losing an immense inheritance by the machinations of his enemies.

"Ah! I have enemies!" cries the prince. "I don't care *that* for them!" —and he breaks his pipe into a hundred pieces.

Now, Rodin knows all the while, through the treachery of the waiting-maid, Florine, that Mademoiselle de Cardoville is behind the tapestry, listening to Prince Djalma's conversation.

Rather strange conduct for a young lady—but *fate would have it so*—at least, it was necessary to bring about a *scene*.

Djalma hears a noise behind the tapestry, thinks it's a rat, (like Hamlet,) rushes to the spot, and perceives the charming young girl, whom he has dreamt of for the last thirty days and nights.

Judge of his surprise, when he learns that his red-haired beauty is his benefactress!

He falls suddenly in love, as men only fall in love at Java—and Mademoiselle de Cardoville thinks it more prudent to run away.

Rodin then tells the young Indian tiger, that his fair cousin is in love with a Parisian dandy—on which the prince, having no more pipes to break, rushes up and down his room, calling out for a Parisian to grind to powder.

That is what I call a *fixed idea*.

LA MAYEUX'S JOURNAL.

I must [illegible] you that La Mayeux perfectly understood her own value, and that she owed it to herself, she owed it to the age in which she lived, to compose her *Memoirs* like other great personages.

Every night, she wrote down her impressions, and love played a great part in these notes of a sempstress.

Now these rascally Jesuits employ Florine to ferret out the notes in question—for the Jesuits, you know, must be poking their noses into everything.

There they find all about Mayeux's love for Agricola—and how the latter once showed her a pretty work-box, which she thought he was going

to give her—and then took it away again, and gave it some other woman!

This makes La Mayeux reflect, that the hump on her back is rather opposed to the tender sentiment, and that Cupid is a little vagabond, who will always be taking sights at her. Cruel Cupid!

Her album also reveals to us, how one day she had the heroism to apply her umbrella to the flanks of a restive horse, that a child was unable to move an inch—and how she made him move.

What a woman!—and, oh! what an umbrella!

THE MODEL FACTORY.

Here is indeed a factory!—Now you shall see what you shall see.

Unfortunately, it has been burnt down, so that you cannot have the satisfaction of paying it a visit, and the oldest inhabitants do not exactly know where it was situated.

In this model establishment, everybody, married or single, lived in the most touching community—which was agreeable enough to bachelors, though it might not be quite so pleasant to husbands.

What particularly excited the admiration of strangers in Mr. Hardy's factory, was the manner in which he managed his kitchen.

With an eagle-glance of genius, he had observed that children like to play at keeping house—and he resolved to turn this disposition to the advantage of the community.

So the dinner was left to the care of cooks from four to eight years of age. Younger than that, they were employed in peeling apples or potatoes.

You may believe me or not, but the dinner was by no means better for the experiment!

Mr. Hardy, however, is perfectly happy in the consciousness of his benevolent intentions, when a mysterious personage comes to demand an interview, and to tell him, that his most intimate friend has sold all his secrets to the Jesuits, who really must be the most inquisitive people in the universe.

Of course, the mysterious personage is the same everlasting Rodin!

And now here comes Marshal Simon, on his great horse, and dressed in full uniform, to have an interview with his old father, who persists in remaining a common workman.

A singular pair! father and son are well matched.

Whilst these good people are talking over their family affairs, a storm is brewing at the instigation of a fellow, whom I knew directly for Morok. None other could have such sallow cheeks, and such black ideas.

In a village near the factory, two men sit drinking together on a Sunday morning. It is Morok, with his pupil Couche-tout-Nu.

"Your health, young man!"

"Thank ye! pray what is your name?"

"No matter for that—drink!"

"But why did you take me out of prison?"

"To drink with you."

"And you paid my ten thousand francs?"

"For a lark."

"But what in the devil's name do you want to make of me?"

"A regular boon companion."

"I am not quite so stupid as I look, and I know that you want me for a decoy to the other workmen."

"Well! and what then?"

"Why, that's enough, I should think."

"Are you afraid? Didn't you fight in July?"

"Like twenty bricks."

"Well then—never say die!"

After more such interesting conversation, in comes the landlord, and announces a young man named Oliver. He is the bearer of propositions of peace from the workmen in the factory to the workmen out of it.

But whilst he is talking, the *wolves* come to attack the *devourers*.

Now the *devourers*, you must know, are the workmen of good Mr. Hardy, and the *wolves* are poor fellows out of work, incited to violence by drink, misery, and the Jesuits. Oliver escapes by the window, and the wolves rush in like so many demons. Morok supplies them with brandy, and then—ho! for the factory.

Then comes a combat between the *wolves* and the *devourers*—a sort of massacre of the innocents—a hideous picture, which must either disgust us with humanity, if it be true—or with the novel, if it be false. Let us hope it is false.

Poor old Simon has his head broken in the confusion. Now the marshal had just come to consult him on a case of conscience. "A soldier of the empire," says he, "I owe all my devotion to Napoleon II. *On the other hand*, I owe my obedience to the present government, which has restored me to my rank. *On the other hand*, I am a child of the republic, &c., &c."

The question is really very complicated, and the situation a difficult one—for, in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, the old man must not run counter to Napoleonist ideas, and yet, *on the other hand*, he must not altogether offend the partizans of the present dynasty. So the author has recourse to his grand device. A tile falls on the old man's head. "My son," murmurs he, "follow my advice. Napoleon II.—Louis Philippe,—the Republic—oath—country——"

And so he stops short. Make anything out of that if you can!

Meanwhile, the wolves set fire to the factory, and Mr. Hardy enjoys the spectacle on his return from a country walk.

Well! well! there's enough for one volume—so we may now get on to the next.

END OF PART THE SIXTH.

PART VII.

NEGOCIATIONS WITH ROSE-POMPON.

Rose-Pompon lives with Philemon, in that sort of household intimacy, which lasts only for a season, and in which the necessaries of life are often replaced by its superfluities.

She is sitting alone in her student's apartment, eating olives and salad, when Nini-Moulin comes to her, with cashmeres, jewels, propositions, and a charming carriage. He offers all this, with the utmost generosity, to the young lady in question, and they set out together. Where are they going?

Never mind, reader! go on! go on!

A few days after this moral scene, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, seated in her boudoir, is dreaming of love, the prince, and all that sort of thing—in the state of feeling common to princesses and nursery-maids, when they have found their conqueror.

She sees her prince everywhere—in her Chinese mandarins, and other chimney-ornaments, but especially in a certain *bas relief*, before which she faints away in ecstasy.

The noise of a door which opens at that moment, makes her start up *as with a spring*.

N. B.—We think it right to add, that we have borrowed this latter expression from our friend Mr. A. Dumas. We thought we might take it *once* from the romance of the "Three Musqueteers," considering that there will still remain at least one a piece for the 40,000 readers of that charming and interminable production.

But, to return—the new-comer was Mr. de Montbron, an ex-beau, sixty years of age, with no hair, and a good deal of nose and legs—one of those impertinent fellows, that women are particularly fond of.

"My dear girl, I am not pleased," says the count.

"A disappointment in love or in cards?" says the young lady.

"You are the cause of it," replies he.

"Oh, my dear count! you are too polite."

"Not exactly. I am displeased because you neglect your beauty. What were you doing when I came in just now?"

"Nothing, I was reading."

"Ah! you were reading. Let us see. 'Picturesque Views in India.' 'Travels in India.' 'Letters on India.' 'Recollections of India.' What is all this?"

The fair lady blushed up to her eyes, hid her face in her pretty little hands, and finished by confessing, that she was over head and ears in love with the copper-colored prince.

Then the count told her, that Djalma on his side loved her to distraction.

"Is it possible?" cried the innocent girl. "Do you not take advantage of my simplicity?"

"Not at all, 'pon honor."

"But Rodin told me he loved another."

"And he told Djalma that you had made your choice."

"Ah! the old rascal!"

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was transfigured. She was no longer the great, credulous goose of a girl, that allowed herself to be shut up in a mad-house, and *humbugged* by old Rodin. She was now a lioness, triumphant and radiant, shaking her golden mane.

"When shall I see him?" was the first word she addressed to the somewhat antiquated messenger of love.

"My dear, you are going rather post haste. Give me a little time, and to-morrow ——"

"Oh! yes, I can wait. I have his portrait." And she pointed to a statue of the Indian Bacchus! "But what shall we do until to-morrow?"

"If you take my advice, you will show yourself everywhere, that no one may suppose you are mad, as your aunt gives out. After our ride, we will make a little excursion to India—that is, we will visit forests of canvass, and deserts of pasteboard, but with real wild-beasts in them, all alive and roaring—in a word, we will go to the Porte-Saint-Martin."

At this instant, Rodin made his appearance, and was received like a dog in a concert-room, or a bull in a china-shop. It must be confessed, that, on this occasion, he fell below his reputation for readiness and skill. He was, in fact, fairly *flummoxed*.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The beasts had drawn the crowd to the Porte-Saint-Martin. The arts are so much valued at Paris, and one gets so tired of the *lions* one meets in society, that one is not sorry to exchange them for some real lions at the theatre.

So all Paris rushed to the representations of Mr. Morok, whilst the magician himself was dressing in his private-room.

He was accompanied by Mr. Couche-tout-Nu, ex-king of the Queen-Bacchanal, and by Goliah, the tall giant, with whom you have already the honor of being acquainted.

"What do you want, stupid?" says Morok

"The public is waiting."

"Let the public wait!"

"Ah! if that was all!"

"What more?"

"Death refuses to play."

"An actor's whim. We'll make her."

"Ah! but if even that was all!"

"What more, brute?"

"The Englishman is there!" Morok started.

"You have seen him?"

"Seen him, with these eyes!"

Again Morok started, and made such a grimace, that Couche-tout-Nu asked him: "Who is this Englishman?"

"My evil genius, Brutus! He has followed me from Strasburg, and never misses one of my representations. He has wagered that I shall be devoured, and he wants to win his wager."

"He'll win it this evening, if you don't care," says Goliah.

"Begone, wretch! and prepare Death's iron-collar," cries the master.

The Englishman is at his post in the stage-box.

"Who is that pair of nut-crackers?" say the people, when they behold his face.

Under his box sit Mademoiselle de Cardoville and her friends. She has blue dress and pearl ornaments, which form, you know, with her red hair, the most agreeable tri-color—and she carries in her hand an enormous nosegay.

Suddenly, in the box opposite, appears Prince Djalma himself—ah, faithless Djalma!—in company with our pretty little friend Rose-Pompon.

Judge of the feelings of Djalma, when he perceives Mademoiselle de Cardoville, whom he passionately loves, and whose jealousy he is laboring to exite, according to the advice of Faringhea, his excellent counsellor.

As for Mademoiselle de Cardoville, for the first moment, she would not believe her opera-glass. The next, she said to herself: "I will have no more to do with that faithless Indian."

But now a wild howl was heard, and the Englishman opened wide his large, green eyes. Morok rushed to encounter the panther, and his cries soon told that he was getting the worst of it.

At the sound of these cries, Mademoiselle de Cardoville dropped her nosegay upon the stage. The Prince sprang after it with the speed of an arrow, to rescue the precious flowers—killed the panther with a stroke of his dagger—saved Morok—and, what is of far more importance, saved the *bouquet*.

It was really a magnificent spectacle, and the Parisians, who had paid that evening their three francs, or their thirty-five sous, to be present at the Porte-Saint-Martin, did not regret their money.

The fact is, that, even at the Grand Opera, one does not often see such an interlude. The only individual disappointed was the Englishman, who thought he had won his wager, but reckoned without his host.

The Indian prince was truly sublime, when he rose from the bottom of the cavern, and placed his foot on the neck of the motionless panther. It reminded the public of Mr. Franconi and his horse Coco!

Yielding to the emotions of this scene of excitement, Mademoiselle de Cardoville fainted away in her box—thus affording the delighted audience another unexpected spectacle.

THE TRAVELLER.

It is night!

The moon shines. (The reader will begin to suspect it is all *moonshine*.)

A traveller, from the heights of Montmartre, looks down upon the immense city.

"No!" he exclaims. "Twice is enough. Five hundred years ago, when I was only 13 centuries old, I brought the plague into this city; 300 years after, I did the same.

"And here I am again!—How very unpleasant for the hospitable nation!

"Alas! those Renneponts—those dear Renneponts!—my nephew Couche-tout-Nu, my cousin the prince of savages, and all the rest of that interesting and puzzle-headed family, are just now exposed to the greatest danger.

"Will they escape their fate? will they be able to dodge the Jesuits?

"May they employ all the intelligence that Mr. Sue has given them, to combat the blasphemers, who dare maintain that man is born for suffering, and deny the principles of love, joy, and expansion, as taught by the new saints—St. Simon and St. Fourier.

"Enough of sorrow upon earth!—People have been dying like flies these two years. The devil has got his own.

"Stop! stop! stop!"

But the wind roars like a tiger, and hisses like a serpent, and the weather is not fit for a cat to live in.

"Go on!

"The doctors and apothecaries will make their fortunes.

"Go on!

"Devil take me! there are the new fortifications. I see the gate They are coming to search my portmanteau. It is yet time!

"Go on! go on! go on!"

And the unfortunate wretch *goes on* at a railroad pace.

THE COLLATION.

The day after the traveller made his entry as above into Paris, Madame de Saint-Dizier, the respectable aunt of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, prepared to entertain the staff-officers of the Jesuits, who were to hold a kind of privy council at her house.

We will not give you a copy of the bill of fare. In general, such things are by no means amusing. We will content ourselves with informing you, that, from motives of delicate attention, the bishops were supplied with little mitres in damson-paste, and croziers in sugar-candy.

In fact, it was the perfection of religious confectionary!

On that day, Mr. d'Aigrigny, Rodin, and Baleinier, were joined by two other personages, a bishop and a cardinal—and all these illustrious gentlemen had met to deliberate as to what was the best way of getting the two hundred millions and odd centimes, out of the money-box of the Jew Samuel, and into the money-box of the Society of Jesus.

Mr. d'Aigrigny, slightly offended at having been cut out by his late secretary, takes upon himself to criticise the new plan proposed by Rodin.

Rodin answers by telling them, in polite language, that they are a pack of fools.

Getting warm in the discussion, Rodin suddenly takes a chill. He feels cold in the back, and begins to drink Madeira. The cold increases, and then he drinks again—and again—and again!

Every one is astonished to see so temperate a man drink like a sponge!

And now, horrible spectacle! Rodin screams—Rodin howls—Rodin twists himself about on the floor, and declares that he is poisoned.

Doctor Baleinier cries out in fright: "It is the cholera!"

Then, like a doctor who feels he has done his duty, in having so clearly defined the nature of the malady, he fairly takes to his heels.

All the company imitate Baleinier, and Rodin is left on the carpet, like a poodle that has swallowed a dose of ratsbane.

But an angel comes to his assistance

It is the good Gabriel.

Rodin is just able to mutter: "Forgive—the evil—I have done you—Pity—do not desert—" when the author breaks off as usual, in the middle of a sentence.

END OF THE SEVENTH PART.

PART VIII.

THE CHOLERA.

The stomach-ache of Rodin was only the prelude of the universal stomach-ache. The cholera is at Paris, and the undertakers dance the *polka*. For them, the road to Pere Lachaise is the road to fortune.

The cholera becomes so general that it respects nothing—not even the drummers of the National Guard!

Whilst the majority of the Parisians are trembling, quaking, dosing themselves with camphor, and rubbing their bodies all over, some audacious spirits care nothing about the pestilence; and though the doctors have forbidden all salads, strong drinks, and violent emotions, these reckless fellows eat lettuces, drink brandy, and play at dominoes, as if there was nothing the matter!

Still more, a company of these roisterers, consisting of our friends and acquaintances, Morok, Couche-tout-Nu, Nini-Moulin, &c., organize the great *Cholera Masquerade*, which appears on the Boulevards, singing a number of songs likewise forbidden by the faculty.

This cavalcade was extremely brilliant; and the papers of that day, though as yet they could not boast of their seventy-two columns, gave a full and particular account of it. Only, being ill-informed on the subject, they put it all down to the account of Lord Seymour!

In 1832, not a harlequin on the Boulevard but was suspected of being my Lord Seymour.

And this is the way in which men write the History of the Carnival! I wonder if it be the same with Mr. Thiers!

Nini-Moulin was disguised as *Silenus*, Morok as the *King of Diamonds*, and then came *Follies* and *Loves* innumerable, all sporting around the main figure, *Goodman Cholera* himself.

This was no other than Couche-tout-Nu, in the last stage of drink, stupidity, and consumption.

To show their thorough contempt for the cholera, the masquerade had chosen to dine at an eating-house in the city, near the Hotel-Dieu. It is

quite certain that if, after a dinner taken in that place, you feel no alarming symptoms, you are not likely ever to have the cholic in your life.

All the guests, therefore, began to feast as in the most tranquil times, and answered the noise of the hammering overhead, where they were only nailing down a few coffins, with the noise of champagne-corks and broken glass below.

The waiter came mysteriously to inform Morok, that there were a great many corpses in the house, and that all this *row* might disturb them. At this news, which some would have thought frightful, Morok, who had his own little crafty project, challenged the bravest of the party to a *duel with brandy*.

That is an idea which could only occur to a Jesuit!

Oh, Morok! if you had not been Morok, you would have been Rodin!

The proposition made most of the company tremble, though they all took their share in a *monster bowl* of punch, which two waiters had just brought in.

Every one knew what a long breath Morok could draw, when he applied the neck of a bottle of brandy to his lips; yet one of the guests accepted his challenge. You have guessed already that it could be no other than Couche-tout-Nu.

The *King of Diamonds* and *Goodman Cholera*, therefore, began a struggle worthy of the heroes of Homer.

But in Homer's time they they knew nothing of brandy, and Achilles could only challenge Agamemnon, to see which of the two should eat the most lamb and salad.

What Morok intended did not fail to ensue. Couche-tout-Nu drank so much *cognac*, that he was soon a prey to the most dreadful sufferings, seeing that brandy is not one of those *pectoral drinks* which have received the approbation of Mr. Véron.

Couche-tout-Nu, therefore, was seized with such terrible convulsions, that he ground the neck of the bottle between his teeth, whilst his eye grew dim, and the eye of Morok shone with satanic joy. The Society of Jesus has at length triumphed over one of the Rennepont family by means of a bottle of brandy!—It must be confessed, that the Society of Jesus has very strange allies—even in the cellars of the city!

Whilst every one was crying out "Help! help!"—and no one stirring from his place—a new personage made her appearance, and produced an electric effect on the dying man.

This was the Queen-Bacchanal, who came to beg his pardon, for having allowed a Russian prince to supplant him in her affections.

Couche-tout-Nu manages to get on his poor, trembling legs, when he hears that cherished voice repeating: "It is I," to which he makes answer: "Ah! it is you!"—not a very interesting dialogue, I admit, but what could you expect from a man in his situation?

Poor Jacques, soaked in brandy as he is, finds, however, lucid ideas enough to explain, that he has not been altogether the dupe of his friend, Morok.

Then he expires with grief at the infidelity of Cephyse!

What a picture!

This proves to us clearly, that one *may* die of love, with the addition of a certain quantity of brandy.

However, there we have a Rennepont dead at last. Give a tear to his memory—unless, indeed, he is to get up again, like the late Mr. Rodin.

It is, really, taking advantage of our sensibility!

THE CHASE OF THE POISONERS.

Whilst the Jesuits were thus triumphant on one side, they were getting *in for it* on the other, in the persons of d'Aigrigny and Goliah. Ah! what a chase!

Never was such another seen, even at the Hippodrome, where one sees, however, many extraordinary things.

Two thousand persons, of both sexes, attack the giant Goliah, on pretence that he has thrown a deleterious powder into a jug at a wine-shop.

Strong in his innocence, Goliah answers by protestations and blows. The latter is generally with him a *knock-down argument*. The Abbé d'Aigrigny, who happens to be passing, wishes to take the part of his friend Goliah. But the populace immediately set upon *him* likewise, and then begins a *steeple-chase*, with the towers of Notre-Dame for the goal. All the arrangements were worthy of the Jockey-Club.

The crowd did not cease repeating, that the defender of a poisoner must be a poisoner himself.

And to give weight to this mode of reasoning, all the vagabond boys threw stones at the unfortunate d'Aigrigny, who began bitterly to regret that he had not given the dead cat to his friend Goliah. The latter passed a very unpleasant quarter of an hour in struggling with wretches still more ferocious than the panthers of Java, or the tigers of Bengal, his usual companions. It was in vain that he bowled down some dozen of the enemy; his marvellous strength did not avail to save his life. For one that he rolled into the kennel, twenty more were ready to advance upon him, and even a giant gets tired at this sort of exercise.

One gets tired of everything in this world, even of pitching into one's enemies!

To crown his misfortunes, the giant soon found himself in the position of his namesake, the Philistine, for a hag in the crowd knocked out his eye with her wooden shoe—and, after that, Goliah was very soon reduced to mince-meat.

Give a tear to his memory, if you please; but then dry your eyes, and pray let's hear no more about him!

Whilst they were smashing Goliah, the Abbé d'Aigrigny took refuge in the church of Notre-Dame, where he believed himself safe. Quite another thing! the doors were soon burst open, and the garrison of the fortress, consisting of the beadle and the sacristan, having run away as fast as they could, the Jesuit was again in danger of being torn to pieces by the furious multitude.

He is lost——no, he is saved. Here comes Gabriel to his assistance—Gabriel, whose fate it is to save all the greatest rascals in the world, that they may do him the utmost amount of mischief afterwards.

The young priest preaches to the multitude, and does it so well, that the late furious *bull-dogs* become the most charming *lambs*, and take the most affectionate care of the man they have just half-murdered. They carry

him fairly and softly to an excellent bed, instead of pitching him headforemost into the *bed* of the Seine, as they at first intended.

RODIN'S SICKNESS.

Thanks to the energy of his constitution and character, Rodin had not died of the cholera. He had said to himself, that a man like him was not to be finished by the cholic—and he had lived accordingly.

There is nothing like determined obstinacy!

But he was ill, very ill, and wore a huge black silk night-cap, such as becomes a Jesuit. Confined to his bed, he was forced to submit to the enquiries of Cardinal Malispiro, who, imagining he was on the point of death, came to get all he could out of him. But Rodin was more cunning than he, and pretended he had lost his voice, that he might not be able to answer the cardinal. The cunning dog!

Moreover, he took care not to confess, that it was his intention to be elected pope!

Only that, you see—which is pretty well for a man who breakfasts on a radish. But fasting and vegetable food increase the appetite, which is sufficiently exemplified in the case of this *hungry* Rodin.

Our sick man, having just heard that there is some movement going on in the Rennepont camp, jumps out of bed, in spite of the remonstrances of his doctor, and begins to walk up and down the room in his shirt—again, we suppose, like a true Jesuit.

"I *must* live, I *will* live," is expressed in all the gestures of Rodin, who no longer speaks but in pantomime. Doctor Baleinier thereupon makes him understand, that he can only live by means of a terrible, but salutary operation.

Rodin consents to anything, and Baleinier calls three young Jesuits, to hold the patient by the arms and legs, whilst he scorches his hide for him.

Unfortunate Rodin! it is in vain for him to cry: "Too hot! too hot!"

They are burning his skin with half a dozen large moxas; whilst, in general, one is considered enough for a full-grown horse!

But Rodin is saved, his lungs are once more free, and he begins to talk as fast and as loud as ever.

The surgical operation over, the three young Jesuits return to the garden, where they continue to walk, stand, and sit, *according to the constitution of their order*, which obliges them to keep up the *triad*, and not go in pairs like oxen.

Whilst Rodin was thus on the point of *losing the number of his mess*, and Jacques, Goliah, Florine, and a quantity of others, had actually *hopped the twig*, Cephyse and La Mayeux also felt a disgust for life, and determined to make a move, even at the risk of leaving Mr. Eugene Sue alone with his readers.

By means of six sous'-worth of charcoal, bought on credit of the greengrocer in the Rue Clovis, who has also just departed this life without giving us notice, the two sisters resolve to put an end to their misery, and begin by talking about it, in a style worthy of two professed *blue stockings*.

At the moment when the ex-queen was accusing the whole world of abandoning her, an angel came down from heaven to her assistance.

When I say *came down from heaven*, it is only a figure of speech; for the consoling angel is *coming up the stairs* with Agricola, as fast as she can set foot to the ground.

This consoling angel—you have surely guessed it already—is no other than Mademoiselle de Cardoville!

But Cephyse will hear nothing, and is resolved not to survive that being so worthy of a woman's heart, the late respectable Mr. Couche-tout-Nu. So the moment Mademoiselle de Cardoville enters by the door, she makes her exit by the window!

One more dead, as you see— [illegible] come to life again.

As for La Mayeux, she is recovered by means of [illegible] and Eau de Cologne. Let us hope this time she will be happy, for Mademoiselle de Cardoville has given her plenty of opportunities of making herself comfortable.

But hardly is La Mayeux in want of nothing, when in comes Rose-Pompon, to offer her assistance. She puts everything at La Mayeux's disposal, even the pipe and the boot-hooks of her lover, who is just then absent on his travels.

Certainly, the Rue Clovis is inhabited by most obliging people, who offer you everything they have. Unfortunately, they have nothing for the most part. Ah! if they had anything —— they might not, perhaps, be so ready with their offers!

AMICABLE EXPLANATIONS.

In the first moment of this singular meeting, Rose-Pompon and Mademoiselle de Cardoville looked at each other like two little china ornaments, representing a couple of angry poodles.

The astonishment of the latter was complete when she heard the strange expressions made use of by her pretty rival, and she asked herself if it were possible that a prince, even though an Indian, could be seriously in love with a woman that so murdered the French language.

Wishing to clear her mind of all doubts, Mademoiselle de Cardoville asked for a quarter of an hour's conversation with Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon, and they adjourned accordingly to Mr. Phrenon's apartment.

At sight of a pipe and a pair of boots, Mademoiselle de Cardoville's astonishment greatly increased. And why not?

The conversation was at first somewhat bitter, but Rose-Pompon, finding that her rival was not a frequenter of Masked Balls, at length told her, that Prince Djalma had always treated her—like a sister.

Surprise and delight of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who thereupon begins to love her prince again as much as ever. But really the young lady was too particular, and expected too much from an Indian—I should have said, from a prince.

Rose-Pompon, having done the generous by Mademoiselle de Cardoville, is immediately recompensed for her good action, by the arrival of Phrenon, with a dead goose and a living rabbit. Such attentions are truly delicate!

By the way, talking of geese and rabbits, all this time we have seen nothing of Marshal Simon and his children; no doubt this excellent father is employed in showing them the wonders of the capital.

As for old Dagobert, he also remains as still as a mouse. It was not

worth while to come on foot all the way from Siberia, to stand with his arms folded when he got to Paris.

END OF PART THE EIGHTH.

PART IX.

CONSOLATION-SHOP.

Whilst Rose-Pompon was consoling the fair patrician in Philemon's apartment, by telling her that the Indian prince loved her like a savage and a wild beast—and whilst Philemon was consoling Rose-Pompon, by giving her geese, rabbits, and other marks of tenderness and affection—Agricola, kneeling before La Mayeux, was also consoling her in his own way.

"What a simpleton you must be," said he, "to want to kill yourself without giving us notice!"

"It is true," answered the poor girl; "but I feared to be troublesome."

"Troublesome! what nonsense! You adore me, I know; well, I forgive you."

"Oh, thanks! thanks!"

"Thankye for nothing! be happy—love me, if you like—it will be quite agreeable to me and my wife. I WILL BE WORTHY OF THAT LOVE. I will fill that noble heart. Make no ceremonies. What I say, I mean."

Whilst they were thus chatting, Mademoiselle de Cardoville entered the room. Mute upon the threshold, she contemplated this touching picture of platonic love.

They were happy, all three of them; La Mayeux in the love she felt—Agricola, in the love he inspired—Adrienne, in the love she shared. Oh! they were rich! very rich!

THE TWO CARRIAGES.

It is evening—eleven o'clock at night. The wind blows along great brown clouds, which intercept the pale light of the red moon, just over the Rue Blanche, inhabited by Prince Djalma. A hackney-coach drives up the dark street, and stops before a little door, from which comes a middle-sized man, to talk with a fat Italian, the occupant of the vehicle.

My curiosity is aroused, and, although I do not belong to the secret police, I feel an earnest desire to overhear the conversation of these mysterious personages.

The two men talk in Italian. One is a bishop, and the other an Indian

Strangler. The bishop breaks a crucifix in halves and gives one of the pieces to his *friend*, telling him to *act* as soon as he sends him the other half.

"I will do what is commanded. Bohwanie orders it!"

"You are right, my friend, in your fanatical devotion to your goddess. In a period of religious indifference, this ardent faith does you the greatest honor, and you are worthy of all my esteem.

Faringhea answers him in the purest Tuscan—for this Indian *Strangler* is, you must know, a very well-educated, accomplished, and gentlemanly person.

In the course of this edifying conversation, another carriage stops before the same door. This time it is not a *hack*. Horses, liveries, and fat coachman, are all in a style of first-rate fashion. It is the coach of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, which she has sent to convey a letter to Prince Djalma. The *penny-post* was, probably, not invented.

Next day, Djalma, who had not closed his eyes, got up early, in his delight, for the letter had appointed a meeting with his beloved.

Waiting for the happy moment, the unfortunate prince yawned, looked at the clock, or stood contemplating a portrait drawn by himself from memory—a simple image of her face and figure, in the most undeniable carmine.

The prince was not alone. Faringhea's eyes were on him. Faringhea, who had already got him into that scrape with Rose-Pompon, now advises him to carry the fair patrician's love *by assault.*

"Ah! you wish to get me kicked down stairs!" says the prince with a sigh. "What have I done to you, Faringhea, that you should persecute me thus?"

Faringhea trembles.

"Listen!" continues this model of Indian princes. "Do not be spiteful; it is too ugly! Become good, and behave yourself! I will give you anything you like, even my friendship."

Meanwhile, the hour passes, and Djalma does not come to his appointment. Adrienne is cruelly vexed, and says to herself: "What have I done? oh, mamma! mamma!"—but as she pronounces these words, Djalma makes his appearance.

Djalma is afraid of Adrienne, and Adrienne of Djalma. Both look stupid—both cast down their eyes—both are innocent as a couple of young goslings.

Djalma was the first to raise an eye—*an eye full of fire and tears, in which was the fury of excited love, and the burning ardor of youth, and the admiration of fine forms*—in fact, so many things, that Adrienne, having looked in her turn, began to tremble all over, and, fearing she might commit some folly, took the prince by the hand, and led him up to a portrait, saying: "Prince, allow me to introduce you to my late mother!"

Then they sat down together, and talked over their little affairs. At first, they said *prince* and *mademoiselle*; then, *cousin this* and *cousin that*; then, my *duck* and my *darling*—and so went on to laugh and cry, and kneel down, and take hands, and make a pathetic scene of it.

All this time, there was another person, also a lover, who did not enjoy himself at all. Like a poor deserted poodle, Mr. Hardy passed many a solitary hour in the house of the reverend fathers.

His friend, his mistress, and his factory—all had been taken from him by his patrons, the Jesuits. To make more sure of him, they had drugged his physic—and the consequence was, that he had fallen into a state of lamentable weakness.

In fact, there was nothing left of Hardy, but his coat, his boots, and his heart!

The poor creature mourned over the past, the present, and the future—he wept by day, and he wept by night—he was in a fair way of melting altogether into nothing.

One day, he received a letter from Agricola, asking for an interview. But the Jesuits, who think it may not suit their book, bring so strongly to his remembrance his faithless mistress, his treacherous friend, his ruined fortune—that, more and more disgusted with mankind, Hardy refuses to see even his old foreman.

But Agricola is not the man to fly before the enemy. He lays siege to the place, beats the Jesuit-colonel, forces the door, and falls, like a bomb, at the feet of his unfortunate patron.

"Ha! Papa Hardy!" says he; "not any better, eh? These black gentlemen are playing Old Harry with you."

"*Dominus vobiscum*——"

"What's all that gibberish? Don't you know me? Agricola Baudoin, a stout fellow, and a true Frenchman."

"*Cum spiritu tuo*——"

"Amen, old governor! It is clear you are singing mass—I will go and fetch the priest."

Herewith he called in the Abbé Gabriel, whom he had kept in reserve in the passage.

And the Abbé Gabriel began to deliver a pretty little sermon, composed for the edification of *Constitutionnel* Christians. "Brother," said he, "men are created for enjoyment. *Heaven has but one wish*, to see the happiness of its creatures—*but one affliction*, to behold the unequal division of property!"

Whilst the innocent Gabriel was thus explaining his *socialist* theory, Rodin and the Colonel did not lose a word of the conference.

Thanks to the *moxas*, and to his firm determination not to die, Rodin had escaped from the claws of the cholera, but his illness had not improved his appearance—from excessively ugly, he had become horrible—and his soul remained as black as ever.

D'Aigrigny made a face, as he listened to the somewhat heretical doctrines of the young abbé; but Rodin did not care a pin about the matter.

He was looking for the *joint*. "Only let me get the *joint!*" said he. Then, cutting a caper in the air, he exclaimed: "I have it! I hav the *joint!*"

And they quitted their hiding-place with precipitation.

JOCRISSE.

Marshal Simon had a real Jocrisse for a servant—I mean to say, a *false* Jocrisse, for nothing is real in the *Wandering Jew*, except the inventive

powers of its author—but this, also, is a Jesuit, disguised as a fool, so that Old Nick himself would never have found him out. His business is to sweep the room, to light the fire, and to leave anonymous letters in the marshal's way.

This latter most intelligent personage becomes furious on reading these anonymous letters, and vents his rage upon everything and everybody—even upon Dagobert, whom he abuses, the crockery, which he breaks to pieces, and his own wig, which he tears like a madman.

One morning, Dogobert, who lives with the marshal in the double capacity of nurse and chambermaid to the ladies, receives a visit from his son. Agricola comes to tell him about Hardy's conversion. Dagobert yawns a good deal, and then throws himself into his son's arms, and exclaims: "All that is very stupid and tiresome. Hardy is a *dummy*—the marshal not much better—and we are like two magpies, always talking, and ye' doing nothing. Where is it all to end?

Really, you must ask that question of Mr. Eugene Sue.

At this moment, Dagobert raises his eyes, and sees the marshal at his favorite occupation—reading another anonymous letter.

Let us leave him for a minute, and return to his two daughters.

"What are you thinking of?" says Rose to Blanche. "You seem quite low-spirited.

"It is true. I was thinking of those poor subscribers to the *Constitutionnel*, who expected to hear so many pretty things!" and the kind-hearted girl burst into tears.

"Who knows?" replied Rose, wiping her sister's eyes. "Perhaps it amuses them."

"I doubt it," said Blanche. "We are too dull ourselves, not to be dull company for others. And our father! it is really a very sad thing!"

Just then, they heard their respectable parent shouting to Dagobert at the very top of his voice.

THE WOUNDED LION.

Yes, it was the marshal! His eyes were almost starting from his head; his veins, as large as cart-ropes, swelled in serpent-folds on his ample forehead; his moustache stood on end; he folded his arms, and flung them again wide open, and walked up and down the room in double-quick time—march! It was the warrior rehearsing for the day of battle.

Unfortunately, Dagobert just came in his way.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" said the marshal. "I have been a soldier for five-and-twenty years—I have commanded armies—I am covered with laurels—but I cannot bear these anonymous letters! I am an ass! a fool! a stupid brute!" and a great deal more in the same strain.

When the heroes of Mr. Eugene Sue fall into any misfortune, they become excessively loquacious. Let us hope, for their sake and the reader's, they will have no more misfortunes.

Maddened by the anonymous letters, Marshal Simon can find no consolation but in kicking his friend Dagobert. Now really this respectable warrior would have done better to kick Rodin, or Jocrisse, or some other of that

sort, instead of his faithful Dagobert—but then he happened to be just in a convenient position!

You will take notice, that these famous anonymous letters simply reproached Marshal Simon with not having pulled Colonel d'Aigrigny's nose!

If all the marshals of Napoleon had any resemblance to Marshal Simon, I can only the more admire Napoleon's genius, in having done such great things with such poor instruments.

THE TEST.

After the touching scene we have just described, the marshal, uneasy as to the opinion his daughters may have of him, resolves to satisfy his doubts. He goes, therefore, to pay them a visit.

"Good morning, my children," says he to them quite amiably.

"Good morning, papa," answers Rose, being the quicker of the two.

"I couldn't see you yesterday—I was busy with one thing and the other. You are not angry with me?"

"On the contrary, papa," says Blanche, casting down her eyes.

"Charming girls," repeats the father to himself. "They are too clever to live!" and his face assumed so striking an expression, that Rose and Blanche, being frightened, threw themselves into his arms.

Vain fears, false doubts, anonymous letters, all disappeared. The marshal was the happiest of men; but, as he was not the most eloquent, he felt the want of words. "Oh! oh!" he exclaimed. "Ah! ah! bless my soul! that's the ticket! oh! how jolly!"

A hollow sound, close behind them, made them all turn round. It was Rabat-Joie weeping with emotion, and Dagobert swallowing his tears.

"Marshal!" said the old fellow; "you see you were too hasty."

"Let's forget and forgive," replied the marshal, "and say no more about it."

Dagobert embraced the marshal, and Rabat-Joie embraced Dagobert, till the latter was obliged to exclaim: "Down, you dog! respect my sensibility!"

* * * * * * * *

Whilst these things were passing in Paris, quite other things were taking place elsewhere, as you will see in the next chapter.

SAINT JOHN WITHOUT A HEAD.

In the midst of a forest of pines, there stand the ruins of an abbey; in the midst of the ruins, there stands a statue.

The statue is headless.

It represents a man holding a plate.

In the plate is a head.

That head once belonged to the man.

He looks at it with emotion!

It is Saint John, the martyr—but all this is becoming very complicated.

Allow me to skip the branches of the pine-trees, agitated by the breeze—and the copper clouds reflected in the waves of a pure rivulet—and the

stream, and the foliage, and the yet unimagined heights and depths of description. I am in a hurry to get finished, for I can assure you, that my publisher has not given me a hundred thousand francs. Ah! if I had a hundred thousand francs, like Mr. Sue, I would not spare you a single description, for I should think it right to earn my money.

Suddenly, a woman advances through the shadow of the wood. She is pale, sad, fatigued—for she has never ceased walking for eighteen hundred years.

Now, for the first time, she begins to feel tired.

She has a corn upon her foot.

She sits down at the feet of the statue.

She is thirsty, she stoops to drink at the pure rivulet.

She utters a cry of joy—she sees that she has grown older. Even her hair is beginning to turn grey.

She looks at the statue, and recognizes her old acquaintance, Saint John.

It is Herodias, the Wandering Jewess!

CALVARY.

A crucifix stands on the summit of a tall, steep, rocky mountain. It looks white upon the black clouds, which become blue, and then violet, as you approach the blood-red horizon.

A traveller ascends the mountain.

This traveller is the cobbler of Jerusalem. You know his history, so I need not tell it you. Go on! go on! go on!

This traveller, whom we met walking bolt-upright in the first volumes of this history, now walks like a man bent double, and is delighted at feeling such undeniable symptoms of rheumatism.

Oh, happiness! he, too, is growing older. Twenty-four hours have done more for him than the previous eighteen centuries. He may hope to die!

His punishment will then be at an end—and the romance also. Heaven has had pity on the poor *Wandering Jew*, and on his unfortunate readers.

Let us return thanks for him—and for ourselves!

However, in spite of all, Mr. Sue has yet to give us a *tenth part*, and, at the rate he is going, the *Wandering Jew* may yet live six months longer.

Meanwhile, here is the

END OF PART THE NINTH.

PART X.

NEW TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

Until now, I confess, to my shame, I had never felt sufficiently moved by the sad fate of the hapless princess, in the fairy-tale, who is shut up in a dark tower by the wicked Carabosse, and condemned every day to unravel an immense skein of tangled silk.

But to-day I also am condemned to unravel for you the last chapters of the *Wandering Jew*, and I am a great deal more puzzled than any princess that ever existed in or out of fairy-land.

There is no Carabosse like Mr. Eugene Sue!

I am going to tell you the story as well as I can; but if you are not satisfied, you must apply at the office of the Constitutionnel.

At first, we find Rodin with the Princess de Saint-Dizier, occupied in contriving new devices to ruin his enemies, that is, to do them out of their inheritance, as he says, with an elegance of expression which makes the princess compare him to Chrysostom!

His first plan is to go to the marshal's, where he easily obtains admittance, by means of Jocrisse. But Jocrisse immediately gets served out by Dagobert, for having had the stupidity to open the door.

In Dagobert's place, you would, perhaps, have laid hold of Rodin instead of Jocrisse—but the grenadiers of the Old Guard do nothing like other people.

So Jocrisse is turned out, and Rodin remains in. Very well.

Once in the room with Rose and Blanche, Rodin informs them, that their governess, Mademoiselle Augustine, whom they believed to be confined to her room with a cold in the head, which, of course, prevented their going to see her, is really attacked with cholera, and in the hospital.

Rodin knows, that the two girls, whom their papa has forbidden to leave the house, will immediately ask to visit their governess, whom they have only known for the last day or two.

Dagobert does not yield to this caprice. He would sooner allow them to go to the *Bal Musard*.

But hardly has Rodin gone out, when in comes a charitable lady, to make a collection for the poor, and give her advice *gratis*.

Her advice is, for all young ladies to go and attend upon cholera patients. Of course, this charitable person is no other than the Princess de Saint-Dizier.

To complete their happiness, Dagobert is obliged to step out for a moment, and the princess preaches to such purpose during his absence, that the young girls consider themselves bound in duty to act in direct opposition to their papa's orders.

THE HOSPITAL.

As we have not been forbidden to go to the hospital, we have the less pleasure in doing so. Let us go there, however, and we shall meet with familiar faces.

The first personage that we find in this establishment, designed for the reception of cholera patients, is a *madman*. And what a madman! Morok, the tamer of wild beasts has been bitten by one of his pupils, and seized with hydrophobia.

From that fatal moment, Morok fills the hospital with hoarse, unintelligible cries; night and day, he disturbs the rest of the other patients, who get almost as mad as he.

It is not enough for Rose and Blanche to encounter the cholera, but they must also fall in the way of this frightful Morok. Considering the sentiments of exalted charity, I wonder they did not offer to put him on a strait-waistcoat.

But instead of preparing to fulfil this philanthropic mission, they both grew yellow with fright—and fright, we know, is very likely to bring on the cholera.

After breaking his bounds, Morok walked about the hospital, in a costume more picturesque than decent, biting the chairs and tables, and howling like one of his own beasts.

A hero undertook to master this savage tiger. It was Gabriel, who, in a regular *mill* with Morok, showed himself perfectly at home in the noble art of self-defence.

It is true, he received a bite or two in the combat, but then he cauterised himself on the instant, and said nothing more about it. Only see what it is to have presence of mind, and a red-hot iron!

Thus Morok failed in his plan—for I should not be surprised, that the Jesuit had contrived to get himself infected with hydrophobia, just for the purpose of biting Marshal Simon's daughters. Such is the opinion of my housekeeper, but you are at liberty to have your own.

However that may be, Morok is chained up again, and resolves to die howling, like an amateur of the brute creation.

After this scene, the two sisters determine to enter the cholera-ward, and scarcely have they commenced the amusement of looking at the patients, when they cry out simultaneously: "Ah, my sister! what a black eye you've got!"

It is, in fact, a symptom of cholera, and poor Rose and Blanche are soon done for. Not one subscriber to the *Constitutionnel* could grudge a tear to their memory.

What Rodin had hoped is thus completely realized, and the rascal finds himself much nearer to the possession of two hundred millions, the generalship of the Jesuits, and the pontifical throne. He has only now to dispose of the Indian prince, and the red-haired beauty. The former seems an easy victim, having chosen in his *simplicity*, to make Faringhea his particular friend, from the moment he heard that the scoundrel intended to assassinate him!

There is Indian generosity for you!

A FAMILY SCENE.

One fine morning, the princess took it into her head to pay her niece a visit. Mademoiselle de Cardoville was even more charming than usual. She wore an oriental costume, and smoked like a drummer of the National Guard, or a woman of letters.

"My dear," said her aunt, "I have come to tell you something. Your fortune is to be taken from you."

"What's that to me? I love Djalma!"

Seeing that her threats have not much effect, the Jesuitess throws out an insinuation, which is not lost on the sapient young man of India. She asks her niece after her old lover, the handsome Agricola, who was found, you know, under the young lady's bed.

On hearing the name of this locksmith, Djalma's upper lip is curled with a kind of savage convulsion, and he feels a fulgurant commotion—to use the elegant language of the *Constitutionnel*, though it only means, in common parlance, that he was dreadfully annoyed.

"The key of the locksmith—I mean the key of the mystery," cries the prince.

But Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with the presence of mind of all women, innocent or guilty, hastens to answer: "Ah, Djalma! how can you suspect me?" How, indeed!

Satisfied with this explanation, the prince blushes at his foolish jealousy, and, throwing himself at the feet of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, asks pardon of his houri, and gazes at his image in her eyes, after the prescription of Mahomet and Loisa Puget.

But when he returns home, he is still haunted by the recollection of this confounded locksmith, and his jealousy being again aroused by the arts of Faringhea, he allows himself to be led blindfold into a strange house, where he sees strange things that will make him roar louder than ever he roared before in all his born days.

In fact, he has scarcely entered a kind of dark closet, before he is treated to the following exhibition, as in a magic-lantern.

First view—Agricola Baudoin. (Djalma's first roar.)

Second view—Mademoiselle de Cardoville. (Djalma's second roar.) But, without waiting to see any more of the show, Djalma rushes at once upon the two shadows, and stabs them both with his dagger.

What is his surprise, when, a little while after, he meets with Mademoiselle de Cardoville alive and well. The infernal mystery is explained by the fact, that Rodin, the everlasting Rodin, had substituted a false Adrienne for the real one, as in the affair of the *Diamond Necklace*.

Learning that her adored prince is henceforth exposed to be *lagged* for cutting and maiming, Mademoiselle de Cardoville resolves to die with him. They swallow a dose of poison, and then go to bed together—but our virtuous pen shrinks from describing the Asiatic agony of this interesting oriental couple. Their souls ascend to heaven, not accompanied by angels, but by an escort of charming cupids.

In any case, this death quite falls in with the plans of Rodin, though it may not have been foreseen in all its details.

TO JESUIT JESUIT-AND-A-HALF.

Whilst, then, Master Rodin is thus working his batteries, there comes a fat man from Rome, to be the socius of the *ex-socius* of Father d'Aigrigny. At their first interview, this reverend fat man throws himself into Rodin's arms, and nearly strangles him with caresses.

Meanwhile, Marshal Simon has been to look for the Abbé d'Aigrigny, and, after making his favorite use of his cavalry-boots, by kicking the priest to his satisfaction, they set to with a pair of small-swords, and soon deliver Mr. Sue's romance of two more of its principal personages, by stretching each other dead upon the carpet.

Give two tears to their memory! we cannot, in decency, do less, but it would be ridiculous to do more.

What will become of that unfortunate Dagobert, when he hears that his general has left him an orphan? He will tear his grenadier's cap in despair; unless he consoles himself with the two hundred millions, which, at the rate things are going, will have nobody else left to claim them on the memorable 1st of June.

THE GREAT DAY.

Here is the famous day at last, by help of which the *Constitutionnel* got all its subscribers for the last fifteen months.

But before Rodin goes to the Rue Saint-François, fat Father Cabocchini calls upon his co-Jesuit Faringhea, and gives him the bit of broken crucifix, with secret instructions from their general. Faringhea, whose reputation has reached Rome, is, in fact, instructed to employ his agreeable talents in preparing a very strong narcotic scent for the use of Rodin in particular.

I need not tell you, that Faringhea accepts the mission with enthusiasm. If that fellow had not been a Jesuit, he would still have poisoned people for the love of the art, and would probably have kept an eating-house at thirty-two sous a head.

But now Rodin, the sole heir of Rennepont, comes to the Jew Samuel's, accompanied by Father Cabocchini.

"Here's the inheritance," says Samuel; "its shut up in this iron casket, and the securities are all excellent—no railroad shares, and that sort of trash. Well, in spite of what I tell you, it will all end in smoke!"

So saying, he presses a spring, and all these paper millions burn like an old number of the *Constitutionnel*.

Rodin stands stupefied with horror, and fat Father Cabocchini cannot believe his one eye.

Then, as if this first emotion did not suffice, old Samuel draws aside a curtain, and discovers a very superior wax-work exhibition—namely, the dead bodies of all Rodin's victims, preserved by the art of Mr. Gannal. What an advertisement for the last named gentleman!

And now Rodin [illegible] his own dead body to make up the number, having taken too strong a sniff of Faringhea's patent perfume.

I am not a savage—but I must confess, that this time I could not find, in the corner of my eye, the very smallest tear to give to his memory!

Mr. Gannal arrived too late, and could not even embalm him for the museum of the Constitutionnel.

All they can do is, to show to their subscribers for one year, the old hat and coat belonging to Rodin, with a fragment of the radish that furnished his last breakfast.

The subscribers for three months only, must be content with seeing his old umbrella.

It is not much—but what more would you give for a three months' subscription?

LATEST INTELLIGENCE OF THE INTERESTING DAGOBERT FAMILY.

Four years after these events, the Abbé Gabriel could not resist the temptation of taking up his pen to describe all he saw from a window of his *personage*, in the little village of Saint-Aubin, Sologne, to which he had probably been appointed by the interest of the Abbé Chatel.

Gabriel informs us, then, that from the said window he sees Dagobert sitting on a bench, dreaming of his old marshal, and talking politics with the son of Agricola, aged three years. Mother Dagobert is darning the stockings, and singing vespers. Agricola cultivates his fields according to the newest discoveries in agriculture, and La Mayeux boils the pot along with Angela, the lawful wife of her first love.

May they live a long time, and have a good many children! and may we never hear anything more about them!

As for the Wandering Jew, he is really dead at last, having departed this life, along with Madame Herodias, one evening, just at sun-set.

Whoever shall pretend, hereafter, that he has been seen passing through Brussels, or Brabant, or any other locality, must expect a formal contradiction from the *Constitutionnel*.

The Belgian Wandering Jew is not the real one, but only a pitiable imitation.

CONCLUSION.

Our task is accomplished, our work is done. Like Mr. Eugene Sue, we must rest a moment, and wipe the sweat from our forehead.

We cannot forget the gratitude we owe to those friends who have sustained us in our labors—particularly to those of Switzerland, who sent us such a handsome present of sausages.

Should there be any one amongst our readers who has not quite understood the moral tendency of our work, though we cannot congratulate him on the depth and accuracy of his mental powers, we will condescend to inform him that, from the first, we have kept in view two great objects:

1st. *To combat the prejudice against red hair.*

2d. *To excite the public sympathy in favor of hunchbacks.*

In addition, we have proved, by way of parenthesis, that the Jesuits are all rascals, who live chiefly upon radishes; that journeymen locksmiths

have a great tendency to poetry; and that manufacturers on a large scale are very likely to finish their career by becoming idiots.

But all the inferior personages are eclipsed by those two admirable types of the red-haired beauty, and the good hunchback!

We may venture to hope, that, hereafter, those young ladies who are so fortunate as to unite the double charms of Mademoiselle de Cardoville and La Mayeux, will be married very advantageously, without even applying to Monsieur de Willaume or Madame de Saint-Marc, the well-known matrimonial agents.

But, to arrive at this point, we have been obliged, along with Mr. Eugene Sue, to put about seventy-five persons to a violent death, including one horse, two dogs, a panther, and a number of donkies.

But the worst of all in this affair is, that Mr. Eugene Sue, in burying so many personages, has also chanced to entomb his own reputation

THE END.

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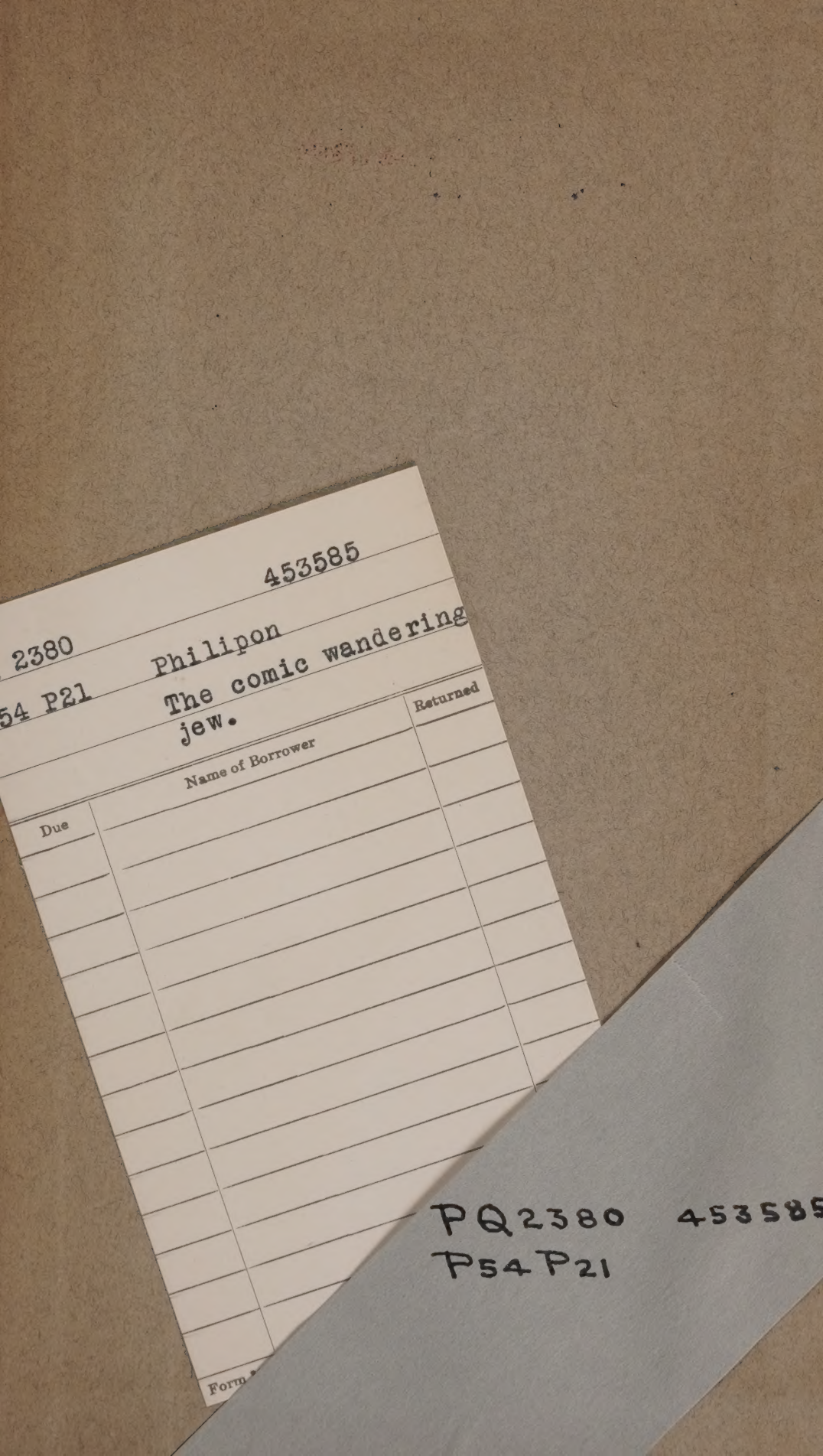
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